

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Backstage in Europe

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

Is There a U. S. Proletariat?

GOETZ A. BRIEFS

The Better Thrill

C. J. EUSTACE

In The Army Soon

WILLIAM H. BAUMER

The Poison Banquet

+FRANCIS C. KELLEY

Toward Christian Unity

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

**Monopoly, Communism and
Property**

HILAIRE BELLOC

**Brazil and American Catholic
Co-operation**

JOSEPH F. THORNING

FEBRUARY, 1939



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PERSONAL MENTION

• **GOOD NEWS.** The Most Rev. FRANCIS C. KELLEY of Oklahoma, whose advice to young men in *Letters to Jack* and to seminarians in *Dominus Vobiscum* was so well received, will tell the story of his own varied career in *The Bishop Jots It Down*. Harper & Brothers will publish his autobiography next month. We are happy to give in advance a chapter from it in that strange episode of *The Poison Banquet*. Although the news was of world interest in its day, few now recall the tragedy that almost overtook so many of the American hierarchy and a number of civilian officials.

Nationally known as a writer, as founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society and as editor of *Extension Magazine* before his appointment to the See of Oklahoma, Bishop Kelley still fires audiences with his zeal and enthusiasm.

• **C. J. EUSTACE** was born in England, coming to Canada in 1924. He has worked in a bank, done newspaper work (editorial and advertising) and is now editor in the Educational Department of J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto. Mr. Eustace was received into the Catholic Church in 1929. He is the author of two novels and a large number of short stories which have appeared in magazines in both Great Britain and the United States.

His stories have been noticed by Mr. Edward O'Brien in the Best Short Stories of 1929, 1930 and 1931. He is also the author of *Romewards*, which was chosen by the Catholic Book Club as its leading selection in February, 1933, and of *Mind and the Mystery*, a philosophical commentary which was published by Longmans, Green & Co. in 1937, and of *Catholicism, Communism and Dictatorship*, published by Benziger Brothers this year. He is married and has two children. In his story this month, *The Better Thrill*, he has turned out an enjoyable bit of fiction.

• **THE FOURTH** of nine children, GOETZ A. BRIEFS was born in 1889 at Eschweiler in the Rhinelands. As a boy he used to play about the fortifications built in his native town by Charlemagne. He attended the Universities of Munich, Bonn and Freiburg. From the last-named he took his degree *Summa cum laude*. After further studies in England, he returned to his Alma Mater as a member of the lecturing staff.

As an economic expert he served his country in various positions during the World War. His work as professor continued until 1928 when he first came to the United States for the study of industrial relations.



Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley

his present assignment to teach history at West Point. He is back again at the Academy whose spirit he describes so well.

• **NO NEWCOMER** to our pages is LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY. Our readers of long standing will recall having read something from this gifted Alabama woman's pen as far back as 1935. For more recent subscribers the poem, *When the Old Remember*, will serve as a pleasing introduction.

• **DON'T BE SURPRISED** when you read in the account of the *Gold Rush at Lhulinka* that the people of that isolated section are not particularly concerned about the war which is getting so close to their homes. The hope of making good money overpowers every other consideration with these impoverished people. FATHER JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P., as is apparent from his article, is not discouraged at the difficulties which he now faces. We call attention to the excerpts from *Recent*

Letters. The missionaries have been so overworked that they have not had time to set down at length the full story of their work with the refugees. We hope to have further details of this labor of charity.

• **THE REV. JAMES A. MAGNER, Ph.D., S.T.D.**, Professor of English and Italian at Quigley Preparatory Seminary of the Archdiocese of Chicago, is already well known to readers of *THE SIGN*, for which he has often written. To the present issue he contributes an article on *Nationalism and Human Rights*—a subject of extraordinary importance and timeliness. Denial of Christian principles has had its logical consequences in a denial of human rights. Fortunately, many are beginning to realize this fact.



Lt. William H. Baumer

THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



This Is Your Job

THE entire month of February is designated as a time for intense action in promoting the Catholic Press. If there is a little chest-thumping and back-patting among those engaged in publishing Catholic papers and periodicals, such enthusiasm may be viewed with indulgence. There has been an appreciable advance in quality and, in some quarters, in circulation. We should be ungrateful indeed if we did not thank God for the freedom of the press we enjoy here and for the assistance of both the clergy and the laity which has made such progress possible.

But if we are really going to have action we should tackle at once the unfinished task which confronts our Press. The future of the printed word amongst Catholics in this country depends largely on the content, the financial resources of our publications and on the opening up of the Catholic market.

We shall not have to fear too much about the content. There is every indication that our Press will not only keep fresh the memory of the Church's struggles and victories, but will also treat fearlessly and promptly the urgent, vital problems of the day. Editorial alertness in securing accurate coverage of the news is becoming more pronounced. Provisions are being made for the development of new talent.

The serious attention manifested a few months ago at the Catholic School Press Association in Milwaukee was proof that the younger generation is preparing to have a share in the work in the near future. Six at least of our colleges and universities offer professional courses in journalism; fifty others provide partial courses in the same subject. I suggest, in passing, that everything possible be done to assist these Catholic schools of journalism. An increase in their number and co-operation in securing recognition for their graduates will strengthen the position of the Church considerably.

WHILE I am on the subject of financial backing for our Press, may I quote from a letter which was written in Madrid on—note the date!—July 6, 1936:

"My co-religionists were generous, even prodigal, in the support of their orphanages, colleges and hospitals; in their efforts to adorn their altars and to render their processions grand and imposing. But for the Catholic papers, those watchdogs that bark and snarl and snap in the defense of their schools, orphanages, churches and their ornaments, they would never offer a large donation or will a saving legacy. These valiant defenders had to rest content with the scraps and

crumbs that fell from the banquet table at which they (the donors) feasted themselves on the occasion of the erection of a tiny school or the laying of the cornerstone of an orphanage, over the face of which was carved in stone the name of the beneficent donor."

I believe that observation is pointed enough, but I add this further thought. We are proud that public interest and medical science have brought yellow fever, let us say, and diphtheria under control. Realizing what victories these have been, we contribute without protest to campaigns directed against tuberculosis and cancer. We do so because we place a high value on our own lives and the lives of others.

BUT if the body is more than the raiment, is not the soul more than the body? Shall we be moved to make sacrifices only for the extermination of physical ills? Can it be put down as mercenary that we plead for support of the Catholic Press which defends your cherished Faith, and which isolates and eradicates many of the evil ideologies which reach into your homes and strike at what is dearest to you?

Some not too distant day, please God—unless the normal growth of the Church in the United States is violently halted—we shall take for granted many of the things of which a few now dream and for which they plan. We shall have endowed schools of journalism, Catholic dailies, Catholic radio stations. We shall have not spasmodic prizes, but regular, widely contested journalistic awards. To help us reach this goal, dear friends, is your job.

I realize that there are few of you who could endow any such projects. But discussion of ways and means will lead to action eventually. Somewhere along the line there will be those who will bring these plans into the first stages of accomplishment.

There is something else which every one of you can do, and this is the time to do it. Don't be content with saying or writing that you think highly of THE SIGN or your diocesan paper or any other Catholic publication. This month—Catholic Press Month—go out and get at least one more subscriber. You are intelligent and zealous or you would not be backing the Press as you are. But this really is your job. Let's see if you can sell others.

Father Theophane Maguire S.P.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• For some months past we Americans have been developing a war fever. We are becoming convinced that a war will soon break out in Europe and that we shall be involved. It is inevitable

then that there should be a cry for further armaments and considerable friction as to the extent to which we should arm. In his message on defense the President aimed at a middle-of-the-road course in an effort to avoid extremes. "It would be unwise for any of us to yield to any form of hysteria. Nevertheless, regardless of political affiliations, we can properly join in an appraisal of the world situation and agree on the immediate defense needs of the nation. It is equally sensational and untrue to take the position that we must at once spend billions of additional money for building up our land, sea and air forces on the one hand, or to insist that no further additions are necessary on the other."

We should first of all make up our minds definitely on why we are arming. Is it for defense or attack? Is it to defend our own shores against an aggressor or is it to prepare ourselves to take a place alongside Britain, France and the U.S.S.R. in the war that threatens in Europe? The extent and manner of our arming will depend on our answers to these questions.

If we are arming for defense, then a moderate increase in our armaments should be sufficient. No sensible American would have the temerity to assert that we are in any immediate danger of attack from Germany or Italy—or even for that matter from Japan.

If we are arming for attack then we might as well make up our minds that we shall have to prepare a vast military machine capable of striking quickly and effectively at a great distance from our shores. To prepare such a machine would necessitate not only an outlay of vast sums of money, but a regimentation of our economic life that would destroy at home the liberty we would be going abroad to preserve.

Let us face the issues squarely and think the matter through before we commit ourselves to a definite course of action in a matter of such importance.

• THE traditional American foreign policy has been definitely one of isolation. Over a century and a half of our history has more than justified this policy.

Our American Foreign Policy

Nevertheless, for the past year or two there has been a definite trend, not only in public opinion and the press, but in administration circles, toward a participation by the United States in world politics. Some indications of this trend are to be found in the President's "Quarantine" speech, his Kingston speech, and in his message on the state of the Union; in some of the transactions of the Pan American Con-

ference at Lima, in efforts to modify the neutrality legislation, and to a lesser extent in the irresponsible utterances of such officials as Secretary Ickes and Senator Pittman.

Now as individual Americans we have the right to dislike the dictator nations as much as we choose and to publish that dislike from the housetops if such is our good pleasure. We are free to have our opinions on foreign affairs and to express them with the utmost liberty and abandon.

But when it is a matter of official policy it is a totally different affair, and in this regard the administration in Washington might profitably put to itself a few pointed questions. Are we, the American people, going to join the ideological struggle that is going on in Europe? Are we willing to go to war against Germany and Italy in order "to make the world safe for democracy"—including the kind of democracy practiced in Soviet Russia? Are we willing to fight in order to preserve Britain's life-line in the Mediterranean or the integrity of French colonial possessions? Are we going to take up arms to stop the course of German expansion and to prevent Hitler's heralded "drive to the East"? Are we going to abandon our neutrality policy by shipping arms to the belligerents in Spain?

These are the issues at stake in the world today, these are the questions over which peace and war hang in the balance—and we have only to express them to ourselves to realize that however important they may be in themselves they are definitely not our worries. And yet these are the issues in which our government is manifesting an increasing desire to intervene; it is for the solution of these problems that there is an effort being made in some quarters to induce us to abandon our traditional policy of isolation.

This seems to us a case of where the old ways are quite definitely better than the new.

• INDICATIONS to date are that the present Congress intends to assert its independence and not to merit the epithet of rubber-stamp Congress assigned to its immediate predecessors. This is as it should be. If the sole purpose of Congress were to "yes" the President after the manner of Hitler's Reichstag, then the taxpayers' money could be spent better

The Present Session of Congress

otherwise than on the salaries and railroad fares of obsequious Senators and Representatives.

But if Congress is going to accomplish anything in the way of worthwhile legislation and at the same time assert its independence of the executive branch, then it must provide its own leadership and of a kind that will act wisely and effectively. Whether the present Congress is capable of providing that leadership only time will tell.

Besides providing and following capable leadership,

the present Congress could well adopt a procedure that would eliminate the spectacle, so often witnessed in the past, of a session of national legislators frittering away their time on trivialities while special committees throw together as hastily as possible legislation on highly complicated and difficult matters. It would be a distinct advance if this Congress were to follow the example of several State legislatures and set up legislative councils composed of experienced legislators aided by experts. These councils could have the matter proposed for legislation thoroughly prepared for consideration before Congress meets.

How necessary are thorough study and expert advice is evident from the nature of some of the matters to be considered by the present Congress—the budget, national defense, revision of the Social Security Act, of the Wagner Labor Relations Act and of the Farm Act.

• As we foretold in the January issue of *THE SIGN*, the opening of Congress was a signal for a fanatical outburst of energy on the part of the friends of Red Spain for the lifting of the Spanish embargo. At the time of writing they are moving heaven and earth in an attempt to convince our legislators in Washington that they should abandon the traditional American policy of neutrality in foreign wars—a policy embodied in the law of the land—in order to ship arms to the combatants in Spain.

American Arms for Spain

The individuals and organizations behind these efforts to persuade our legislators to follow this un-American course are Communist or at least Communist inspired. Needless to say it is to the Red Government at Barcelona that they wish the arms shipped. They are moved by the desperate straits in which this Government finds itself at present. At a time when there is need for all decent people to unite in condemnation of racial and religious intolerance and persecution these radicals ask our Government to give aid and succor to a government which has proscribed religious worship, which has permitted and abetted the burning of churches and convents, and the torture and murder of priests, nuns and lay Catholics. And lifting the embargo would not only help the Red régime of Barcelona but it would have the further effect of destroying the elaborate system of non-intervention set up in Europe to prevent the Spanish civil war from becoming a European and even a world conflict. The disastrous results of such a move would be difficult to foresee. It would certainly cause concern if not consternation in European capitals.

All Americans, whatever their attitude toward the Spanish war, should do everything in their power to persuade Congress that any such course would be a base betrayal of the best interests of our country.

• The administration of relief, like Caesar's wife, should be above suspicion. That it has not been above reproach is common knowledge. And what before was suspicion and conjecture became verified fact with the publication of the findings of the special committee to investigate senatorial campaign expenditures and the use of government funds. And the conditions found by this committee to exist in Kentucky, Tennessee and Pennsylvania are undoubtedly prevalent elsewhere.

Cleaning Up Relief Administration

• Indeed, unjustifiable political activities in the WPA have not been confined to local underlings. Former WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins denied that he had ever asserted that his philosophy was to "spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect." He made a public act of contrition, however, when he declared regarding political speeches he had made: "I do not want to imply I withdraw the contents of those speeches, but if I had the road to go over again I would not have made them as Relief Administrator." Too well known to need repetition is the political advice given men in the WPA by Hopkins' deputy, Mr. Aubrey Williams: "We have got to keep our friends in power."

The present session of Congress should lose no time in putting into effect the legislative recommendations of the above-mentioned senate committee. Some of the most necessary are that legislation should be passed to (1) prohibit any beneficiary of Federal relief funds or anyone administering Federal relief laws from making contributions for any political purpose; (2) prohibit any relief official from using his authority or influence to coerce the political action of any person or group; (3) forbid relief officials from furnishing lists of those on relief to a political candidate or agent; (4) prohibit political contributions by Federal employees, not only to any member of Congress but also to any candidate for such office or to anyone acting in the candidate's behalf.

Of all the government agencies those which administer relief should be the furthest from any breath of suspicion.

• It was characteristic of Frank Murphy, the new United States Attorney-General, that he should himself give an unrequested statement on his action during the sit-down strikes in 1937. For in the conflict and confusion that attended these disturbances he did have definite principles to which he adhered. As Governor he conceived it his duty to serve "the original and ultimate purpose of all laws—to preserve public order and insure public safety"; and he believed that the execution of the law in such a manner as would lead to further disorders, bloodshed and riot would have proven him false to his oath of office and to the law.

An Attorney-General on Strikes

The Attorney-General makes it quite clear that he disapproves of sit-downs and that his delay in acting in no way changes his stand on the right of ownership and the possession of private property. We believe that those who know the full story of those stormy days agree in their hearts that patience and conciliation did more to insure the rights of property owners than violence could ever have done. Frank Murphy did not make "martyrs" of the radical elements whose numbers would have been multiplied by bloodshed. It is to his credit that he is able to affirm of his delay in executing a writ that: "on the one side the company knew of my action and did not protest. On the other side the union representatives knew that if a settlement were not reached and the plants peacefully evacuated the writ would be executed."

In June, 1937, *THE SIGN* published an interview with the then Governor Murphy in which direct and pertinent questions were answered by him. We were satisfied with those answers and with his intentions and plans to create a system of arbitration which would prevent a repetition of those days of turmoil in which labor overstepped the law to combat management, which in

its turn fought against organization. It is just human nature that those who cried loudest for the use of force to settle strikes (and we have confirmed this also by direct, personal questioning) are the ones who did not wish it used in *their own plants*! As Mr. Knudsen is reported to have said: "We don't intend to force anybody's hand. Let's get away from the talk of force."

We are still of the opinion that arbitration—preventive arbitration—can be provided for. Such legislation would rob the radicals of their thunder, deprive management of unfair domination, and free labor of the bitterness which would defeat its just ambitions.

• • •

• **CHANGED** conditions in the world today and especially in our own country make it practically certain that we are to have, at least for years to come, a large number

Relief on a Sounder Basis

of unemployables for whom it will be necessary to provide. Since the task of providing work or relief threatens to be permanent or quasi-permanent it should be established on a sound, scientific basis. How far it is from such a basis at present is made obvious by the great variety of figures proposed in Congress as necessary for relief appropriations. These figures give evidence of being mere guesswork—when they are not out-and-out bids for funds with which to secure political favor.

Certainly the problem of providing work and relief is vast enough and important enough to merit detailed and scientific investigation on a large scale and by a non-partisan body of experts. Such a procedure has been followed in other matters. The President appointed a commission to study labor legislation and labor relations in England and Sweden. Recently he appointed a railroad committee. The Social Security Advisory Board, appointed jointly by a Senate Committee and the Social Security Board, has done excellent work in its field.

At present, blanket appropriations are made by Congress without detailed and accurate information as to the number who are in need of help, the length of time they will be in need, or the amount of help needed. The per capita distribution of funds varies greatly in different parts of the country, without any intelligent and carefully established formula for determining the amount of the variation. A great deal of discretion is left to administrative officials who are not always perfectly impartial in the fulfillment of their duties.

We shall never attain perfection in the difficult work of administering relief any more than in any other task. The human element enters so profoundly into this work that it is difficult to determine and follow any iron-bound set of rules. Nevertheless these matters are altogether too important to be legislated for without exhaustive and specialized study.

• • •

• **MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S** recent trip to Rome may not have resulted in any definite commitments beyond the Anglo-Italian Agreement already in existence, but it had its

Anglo-Italian Relations

importance not only because

of the British Premier's visit to the Vatican but because it gave him and Signor Mussolini the opportunity to understand each other's viewpoint.

To realize the importance of an understanding between Britain and Italy, one has only to recall that it was chiefly the misunderstanding between these two countries over sanctions during the Ethiopian dispute

that led to the forging of the Rome-Berlin Axis with all its consequences. British and Italian interests in the Mediterranean are parallel rather than opposing, and there is no good reason why the two countries cannot carry out a live-and-let-live policy. Furthermore, British-Italian cooperation and understanding are necessary if a Franco-Italian agreement is to be made.

In spite of the advantages of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Rome he got a very poor press in certain quarters in both England and America. The reason for this was not only the fear that further concessions might be made to one of the dictator countries, but the antipathy which large sections of the English-speaking peoples feel toward Italy and the Italians. England and Italy were "traditional friends" in the old days when Italy was weak and ruled by atheists and Freemasons, enemies of the Vatican. The only Italians known to the ordinary Englishman were bootblacks and fruit vendors, and they and their country could be treated with patronizing condescension. But now that Italy is strong enough to rival English power in the Mediterranean and is friendly to the Vatican it is a very different story.

Needless to say such views are not universal among the English but they are nevertheless very widespread. Among the Italians, on the other hand, there is a vast amount of good will towards the English. When Hitler went to Rome he was received by the Italian people with artificial and forced enthusiasm. Chamberlain was welcomed with a spontaneous and friendly warmth. The English might well reciprocate, in their own interests and in those of peace.

• • •

• **THE** PanAmerican Conference at Lima, Peru, has been an acknowledgment that we cannot live, no matter how much we may desire it, in isolation from the rest

PanAmerican Front for Liberty

of the world. Whether the discussions between the South American and North American countries have been highly successful or not, they have proven that we are aware of our exposure to economic and cultural influences from abroad. Propaganda has ways of ignoring boundaries. Ideas and ideologies are not kept out by custom authorities nor by a cordon of battleships.

We have realized this for some time, but certainly very little formal notice has been taken of the barrage of propaganda that has been directed against us. It may be the better policy that in the Lima Conference the direct attack against totalitarian states has been set aside for constructive work to bolster the democracies of the western world. Success of an existing order is the strongest argument against change. The ironing out of minor difficulties between the nations represented at the PanAmerican Conference is a greater defense than any dogmatic condemnation of dictatorships. After all, forms of government are not going to be decided by open debate on their merits, but by what they provide for the people.

There was recognition of the fact—and this is something of a new note at international conferences—that liberty of conscience is an essential for free man; that suppression of freedom of worship is only the opening thrust against all personal liberties. Out of the persecutions which are stirring the world may come a new era of tolerance and sanity and Christian forbearance. The Americas have not been without sin in the matter of religious and racial persecutions. Freedom from future stigma will give authority to PanAmerican nations to speak with force on behalf of liberty.



Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet of France and Joachim Von Ribbentrop of Germany as they recently signed the "No More War" Pact between France and Germany

ACME PHOTO

Backstage in Europe

An Eminent Authority on the Subject Raises the Curtain to Reveal the Persons and Forces Struggling For Domination in the New Europe That Is Now in the Making

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

I French and Italians

It is a measure of the greatness of Bismarck as a statesman, and of his profound grasp of the abiding issues in Europe, that all the great questions of the moment can be summed up in one or other of his many apparently casual and racy phrases. "I have sent the French steed carolling in the sands of Africa," he said some sixty years ago, "and very heavy going she will find it."

The remark was made after the French, with his full encouragement, had gone into Tunis. Bismarck achieved two important things when the French went to Tunis. He made a North African colonial policy a main preoccupation of the Third Republic, a distraction from Europe; and at the same time he made quite certain that the French and the Italians would not be friends, for the Italians were already in Tunis in great numbers. It is the part of Africa immediately south of Italy, and even before the new Italian state had conquered Rome, men with the new Italian nationality, were going

in increasing numbers to that outlying dependency of the Sultan of Turkey. In 1868 the Italian Government had made an arrangement with the Bey of Tunis by which Italians could practice their professions with their own qualifications, and could retain their nationality for themselves and their children.

But the Italians had not yet achieved full political unity in their own peninsula. In the person of Napoleon the Third, the French were still holding up their movements, and they were not strong enough to establish a protectorate in North Africa by themselves. Many years later, in the nineties, their attempts to establish themselves in Ethiopia, with small colonies and a large sphere of influence, were to be retarded by incompetence and defeat. So in Tunis the Italians had the mortification of seeing the French, who already held the great neighboring state of Algiers, and who had a footing in Egypt and were playing a part second only to Britain in the scramble for Africa, take Tunis also, by getting in first. Thirty years later, in 1912, the Italians were to fight

Turkey and seize Libya, chiefly from fear that the Germans were about to go there. The Italians, in short, came just too late by about a generation, and found all North Africa under the authority or influence of powers with vast possessions elsewhere, and no obvious claim to hold the southern shores of the Mediterranean opposite Italy.

THE French go to North Africa as capitalists, Italians as settlers. By a magnificently organized mass settlement, 20,000 Italians went to make their homes in Libya last year, and 30,000 are to go this year. The French had neither the desire nor the population for emigration; on the contrary, they are glad to attract more and more foreign settlers into France. To the Italians, it is only a question of time before they succeed, by virtue of genuine need and willingness to emigrate, to the first position in North Africa. For many years down to 1918, the French continued in Tunis those special privileges for the Italian settlers which the Bey had conferred in 1868. But as the Italians became more numerous, the

French became uneasy; and in 1918, as soon as it was clear that the Allies had won the war, they denounced the agreement, and began a policy designed to make the Italians take up French citizenship.

WHEN the Fascist régime began, in 1922, its national movement sharpened the conflict. The Italians had been deeply disappointed with the peace settlement by which France and Britain divided between them all the German possessions in Africa, through decisions made after the Italians had withdrawn from the Conference in protest at being denied their claims on the Adriatic. There was one moment, in January, 1935, when the quarrel was buried between M. Laval and Signor Mussolini, in face of the new Nazi threat to Austria, as disclosed in all its ugly formidableness by the murder of Dr. Dollfuss in the previous summer. But that understanding between France and Italy, an understanding which is believed to have included a French assurance that Italy would meet with no French opposition over Ethiopia, was ruined that same year. When the French were faced with the agonizing choice of retaining the British or the Italian friendship, they attempted to keep both, joining Britain at Geneva in imposing sanctions, but assuring Italy privately that they would not let the sanctions go very far. However, that policy could not save the Italian friendship, nor could it save the Stresa front, the independence of Austria, and so of Czechoslovakia.

When the relations between Britain, France and Italy were at their worst, the Germans reoccupied the Rhineland. The attempts of the foolish idealists from Great Britain to show that the Italians could not break the rules of Geneva with impunity, only created conditions which enabled the Germans to break those same rules and conditions of Locarno, without any sort of sanctions being possible against them.

The crucial importance of this successful reoccupation and sudden intensive fortification of the Rhineland by Germany was that France was then cut off from central Europe, except through Italy.

It is very easy for French armies to swarm into the Lombard plain, and from Lombardy the road is short towards Austria, and from Austria into the whole Danube valley, or Bavaria. There was a time, in the spring of 1935, when the Austrian Fatherland Front had behind its independence the obvious and immediate possibility of the allied forces of Italy

and France. After 1936, when the Germans had secured their western frontier, and the Italians had won in Ethiopia, an event happened in France which prevented the healing of the quarrel.

The year 1936 was an election year, and it returned the Popular Front under Blum in May. The French Socialists, with 72 Communists making a very important tail in the Chamber of Deputies, hated Mussolini and Fascism too much to want to heal the quarrel, and refused the overtures which came, in the moment of victory, from the Italian side. Then Mussolini knew that he would not recover a common front with Britain, where the Government was still in full capitulation before the League of Nations Union and dared not seem to endorse the victory of a State it had formally decreed an aggressor. He was left with the choice of supporting Austria singlehanded, or of recognizing that there was no real prospect of keeping the Nazis out. If something is plainly going to happen, he reasoned, it is better that it should happen with you than against you; and so he turned to Germany, and the latter part of the year saw the forging of the Rome-Berlin axis.

Neither party said much about Austria, and in March of last year it was still not quite certain that Mussolini would acquiesce in the Anschluss. Hitler's telegram of thanks and his promise never to forget Mussolini's acceptance were genuine expressions of an anxiety removed. At the very last moment the French suggested common action to Italy; but then it was too late. The quarrel should have been healed at the latest in 1936, in that priceless period between the obvious Italian victory in Ethiopia in May and the outbreak of the Spanish Civil war in July. When Austria fell, the defenses of Czechoslovakia were turned from the south and the Germans became, by the Munich agreement, the masters of the Bohemian country and so, in another of Bismarck's graphic phrases, the masters of central Europe.

THIS has had an immediate result in intensifying French and Italian rivalry in North Africa.

Both countries now count for less in central Europe. The Italians throughout their history have alternated between ambitions in Europe and ambitions in Africa. Nothing is more unjust than to think these ambitions are groundless aggression. The Italians are not welcomed as immigrants in America or the British Empire, and, from their side, they

do not want to wander the world as strangers. But equally their home peninsula is not sufficient. If their policy of influence in Albania and the Balkans is now overshadowed by Germany, they naturally revert to the policy which first made them throw in their lot with Germany and Austria in 1882 and form the Triple Alliance—the policy of getting strong backing in Europe for expansion in Africa. The Allies weaned them from that policy when they made the secret treaties which brought Italy into the war in 1915, with hopes of gaining more from the breakup of Austria-Hungary than was to be gained in Africa. When Italy entered the war, she tried to be at war with Austria without being at war with Germany, and more than a year passed in that anomalous condition.

TODAY Italians would like good relations with Britain and bad relations with France. But the German predominance in central Europe, which has sharpened Italian concentration in Africa, has also made France look more keenly to her standing as a colonial power. There could be no worse moment for trying to bully the French than this when they have just retired from their old leadership in central Europe. They cannot give way in Africa, too, without a struggle if they are not to seem to confess that France is no longer a leading power.

And for the same reasons of world prestige and solidarity, Britain cannot see France humiliated or made to yield to demands. The Italian demands are not fundamentally unreasonable, but they are exceedingly unreasonable. If the Italians are patient, no power on earth is going to stop them from colonizing and civilizing in Africa and achieving a position there such as powers primarily interested in securing the payment of interest on invested capital have never achieved.

But the victory will come by growth and not by shock tactics. If it is true that the French are destined to become fewer as the Italians become more numerous, this, the favorite demographic argument of the Italians, will bring its own vindication with it. The non-existent will not be able to keep the existent out.

Why, then, it may reasonably be asked, does Mussolini who has been since 1922, with the exception of one or two major demonstrations of energy, a pre-eminently cautious and slow-moving statesman in international affairs, show such haste today over Tunis? The answer is that the shock of the German success is prov-

ing a national tonic to the French. Anyone who reads the Italian press on the recent abortive French General Strike can see how Fascist Italy has come to believe the thing it wants to believe about France, that it is a land in decay, the prey of international revolution and class war, finished as an imperial power. The Italian demands have been in fact represented not to a distracted nation but to one that is finding itself again; and one that still greatly under-rates the Italians.

This under-rating—so intensely galling to Italians of the new Italy—rests on the same mistake as the Italians are making; it dates back to the last war, when the Italians

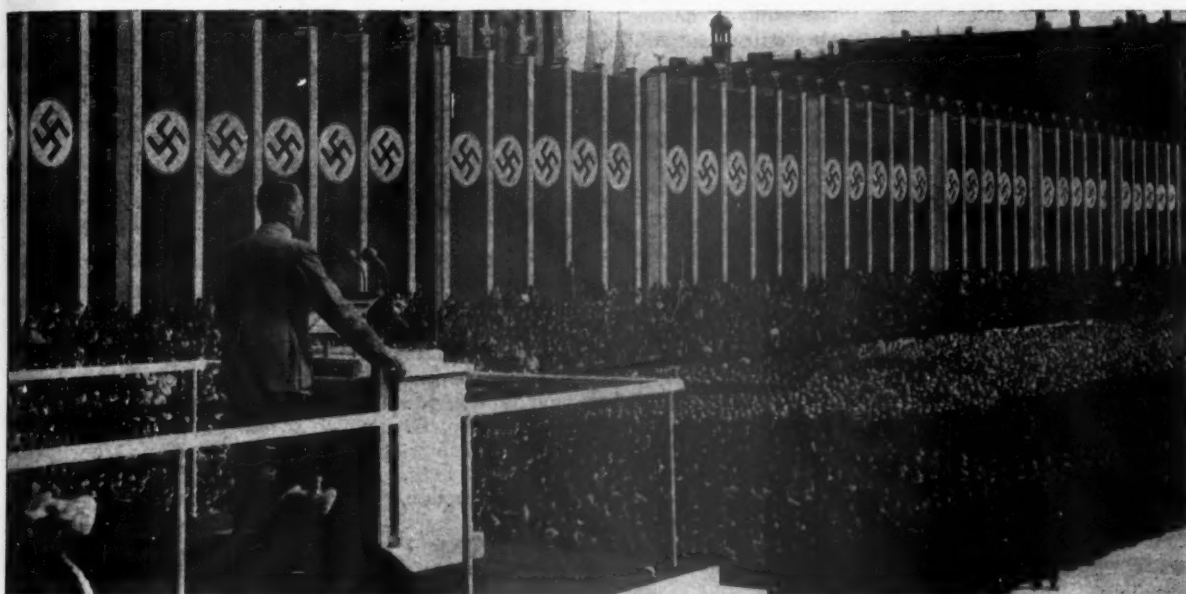
sibilities of a new map of eastern Europe and western Asia.

The recent agreement between Poland and the Soviet, although couched in general terms, expressed a measure of rapprochement in the face of German aims. Still more marked has been the Polish effort to gain Rumania, and to establish, across what was the narrow eastern end of Czechoslovakia, a common frontier with Hungary.

The reason for this was profound. The territory in question appears on the map as Ruthenia; but that name was coined by an Austrian Governor, when the country was under the Hapsburgs, to prevent the inhabitants from thinking of themselves as

artists supported the central Powers; and at Brest Litovsk, when an apparently victorious Germany was dictating peace to a distracted and Bolshevik-ridden Russia, they might well have thought, as they did, that all was now settled and that the new Ukrainian Government would take its place among the powers, like the new Governments of the new States set up in the territories of the old Austrian Empire, and that, like Poland, the Ukraine had risen from the dead.

Alas for the Ukraine that the Germans soon went down in defeat. Skoropadsky, the Hetman of the Ukraine, who ruled because the Germans were behind him, fell, and fled to Berlin, where he has been ever



Hitler addressing his followers. On him more than on any other depends the turn of events during the coming year

proved rather disappointing allies in the field, as they were disappointed ones at the conference table. The Italian weaknesses then were the weaknesses of a corrupt parliamentary régime, just as the weaknesses of France are today. The measure of the new Italy was shown in the organization of the Ethiopian campaign, when all the foreign professional observers, including the German, were prophesying failure.

II

Germans and Russians

Within three months of Munich, its enormous consequences for the Soviet are becoming apparent. The Soviet, we write for convenience, but it is precisely because the U.S.S.R. is a federation, a network of Communist party governments ruling a succession of different peasant peoples, that there exist such great pos-

sibilities of a larger unit, as Russians or Poles or Ukrainians. Since the last war it has been increasingly clear that they are going to think of themselves as Ukrainians. They are in fact members of that old peasant race which has spent many centuries partitioned among its neighbors but has never lost its memory of the days when there was an independent Ukraine.

In the early middle ages the Ukraine was a political reality. In the nineteenth century, under the influence of Romantic writers, these traditions were revived. To the Czars they were a gratuitous nuisance, and to the Austrians. Underneath the conquered and partitioned Poles, it seemed there were conquered but still nationally conscious Ukrainian peasants.

In the last war they, too, like the Poles, saw and seized their chance. From the first the Ukrainian Sep-

since, waiting for just such days as now seem to be coming. There was an attempt at a Ukraine under Polish aegis which failed, and most of the country fell under the Bolsheviks and has so remained. The Soviet has imposed an iron yoke, has sought to get rid of the religion of a deeply religious, and often superstitious people. It has driven Ukrainian nationalism underground or into harmless channels; it has brought up a younger generation with its own ideas.

But the transition is very partial, and meanwhile the Germans, driven out in 1918, are again on the scene.

What is at stake is an enormous thing. The Ukrainians are a people of some forty millions and they claim that their country is all the land from Czechoslovakia in the west to the northern shores of the Black Sea. Poland might lose a third of her population and all Polish

Gallicia. Rumania might lose her northern provinces, the Bukovina and Bessarabia.

Already the first swallows of the Ukrainian summer have shown themselves. A Bill has been presented to the Polish Parliament asking for Home Rule for the Polish Ukraine. More ominously the Ukrainian National Army is being formed under Prince Razumowski, who aims at an army of 200,000 men and full support from Germany.

IT follows that the pace from now on will be rapid. No one doubts that parts of the peace settlement in the East will be revised; that both Danzig and Memel will change their status and either become German cities again, or stand in a kind of double relation, both to the Reich and to Poland and Lithuania.

These will be small matters by comparison with Ukraina, which is the note on which, it will be remembered, *Mein Kampf* closes. Herr Hitler's vision is of the broad wheat lands of the Ukraine holding vast numbers of German peasants in self-subsisting farmsteads.

It is this conception which makes the Third Reich radically different from the Empire of the Hohenzollerns, which was an Empire conceived on the British model, an Empire primarily commercial, although it rested on the Prussian army. Hamburg was the representative city of the old Empire, and Albert Ballin, the Jew who built the German merchant marine and killed himself when defeat came, was the kind of citizen whom the Kaiser delighted to honor.

The new Reich has Munich for its capital, and it has least hold in Hamburg and Bremen. Its trade methods are far more ruthless than those of the old Germany; it will buy at any price and sell at any price in order to secure essential supplies from hand to mouth.

What the new Germany wants, first and last, is fertile land for family settlement. A subordinate Ukrainian government, which owed its existence to German patronage, would welcome German colonization as the surest guarantee of lasting freedom from the Soviet yoke. Eighteenth-century Russia saw many German settlements which have lasted to this day, and, indeed, throughout the centuries these German settlements have been made in Hungary as in Russia, and have kept their identity.

The Communist machine has a great and illuminating parallel in the old Empire of the Ottoman Turks in its first period. The Ottoman Turks

were adventurers who sprang up in the heart of the old diseased Byzantine empire of the fourteenth century. Anybody could join them who accepted their Mohammedan creed, and most of their ability came to them from renegade Christians and Jews, but they ruled through an autocracy by terror. There were great rewards through governorships over subject races, but there were also great risks.

This same spirit of mutually suspicious adventurers enlisted in the service of dogmas without immediate relevance to the day-to-day problems, makes the Soviet of Stalin a true oriental succession. When its foreign minister, Litvinov, says the Soviet desires peace, that is true in that it desires peace for itself, because the first effect of war would be to strain, perhaps to breaking point, the bond that unites that sixth of the earth's surface in a precarious political federation. The Soviet, like every other power, is relieved when its enemies have other enemies too and other preoccupations.

The Communists in Great Britain now always use the word Socialist, which has milder associations, and are the kernel of the Socialist dissatisfaction with the Chamberlain government. There is a kind of unconscious arrogance common to the English, after a century of financial and naval supremacy, which makes them feel that any war anywhere, in Europe, Asia or Africa, though not in America, is somehow an affront specially aimed by insolent foreigners against British interests and still more against British ideas of right and wrong. People may be heard in England explaining that it is a great fault that "we did not stop" the Japanese in 1932 or the Italians in 1935, and with this mentality it will be an easy matter for anti-German propaganda to represent the revival of Ukrainian independence as unprovoked German aggression against mild, benevolent and inoffensive Russia.

WHILE this propaganda will rage, it will have nothing to fasten onto in Britain as it will in France, where the profoundly mistaken Franco-Soviet Pact will be invoked to force France to intervene. Probably the campaign will fail in both countries. There is little desire to interfere between Germany and Russia. The new Germany is extremely unpopular, alike with Catholics and Protestants and Jews and Liberals. But whatever it does to offend the instincts of civilized men, its tyranny is a great deal milder than the

Russian tyranny. Where the Nazi victims in forced Labor camps are to be counted by thousands, the Soviet victims are to be counted by tens of thousands. The single German purge, the famous 30th of June 1934, has been outclassed completely by the ruthlessly sustained Soviet purges in Army and Navy and bureaucracy; and the Soviets are much further down the dark road of religious persecution.

It was to strengthen public opinion in France, which is opposed to a forward eastern policy, that Herr von Ribbentrop went to Paris and signed a Pact with France. The new document does not supersede the French Pact with the Soviet, but it puts into clear view the attractions of a policy of detachment. Herr Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf* when he assumed, like every Frenchman, that France would never withdraw from the first place in central Europe which had been hers without a struggle since the war. It was the momentousness of Munich that France did.

THAT action has, not unnaturally, encouraged Italians to feel the ground and see what further withdrawing the French may be prepared to do. But equally it has made the French far less ready for sacrifices in the Mediterranean sphere which is now their main field. It remains for the British to see what can be done to establish a *modus vivendi* between France and Italy.

The Mediterranean bridge lies through Portugal and Nationalist Spain, countries of vital importance to the other Mediterranean powers, not prepared to be puppets but equally proud and determined that their sovereignty shall be fully recognized.

British opinion is divided over Spain, but the enemies of Franco are primarily opposed to him because they think he is the pawn of Mussolini. The British Government knows this to be untrue. The Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs categorically denied the pretense, although backed by the Spanish Republican Ambassador in London, that there are some 90,000 Italians still in Spain. The British government, however, has left the Barcelona propaganda rage unchecked for so long that it has had a real effect on public opinion; and the grant of belligerent rights to Franco is successfully held up by the Left in France and Britain, as though such a procedure would be a further truckling to Germany and Italy, and not a mere matter of justice to Nationalist Spain.

Is There a United States Proletariat?

A Radical Change in the American Labor Situation Has Unveiled a Ghastly Picture of a Tremendous Oversupply of Both Urban and Rural Labor

By GOETZ A. BRIEFS

ASKED if there were a proletariat in the United States, the average citizen here in 1929 would have been quick to answer, "No indeed; not in this country." I doubt whether the average American of 1938 would be as prompt in answering or as emphatic in his denial.

I do not say that he would admit the existence in this country of a proletarian class such as he pictures in Europe. The very word "proletariat" usually brings to mind dire poverty, hopelessness, regimentation and often political and revolutionary unrest. The average American would insist that the workingman in this country has a chance to rise to a higher station in life, that his standard of living is substantially better than that of workers in Europe, and that he enjoys full equality of rights with everybody else. The whole question would probably be dismissed by conceding that things are no longer what they used to be, but that such a change does not justify the application of the term proletarian to American workers.

It will be well to clarify the issue in question by defining first what is meant by "proletarian" and "proletariat." Is the proletarian to be identified with the poor?

Here the difficulties begin at once. It would be inaccurate to call the poor, in general, proletarians. Nobody in speaking, for example, of the poor in almshouses would think of addressing them as proletarians. Besides, poverty occurs on different social

levels. We speak rightly of a poor parish or of a poor officer's family and even of a poor aristocratic family. Indeed, poverty is a relative concept; one is "poor" in regard to certain standards of life—but poverty does not constitute a social stratum. There exists no such thing as a class of the poor; whereas there certainly exists a proletariat as a social stratum.

Many used to identify the social layer called proletarian with the workers' group. Marx and his followers did so, as well as writers of highest distinction, like W. Sombart. To them, speaking of the proletarians means speaking of the workers. Here, then, in the workers' group the proletariat seemed undoubtedly to be localized. The definition then would be: a proletarian is a wage-earner, the proletariat is "labor."

European experience seemed to give evidence that the workers' class

is the proletarian class. It used to be only one step further to identify this class as revolutionary, as striving for Socialism or Communism or Syndicalism or other philosophies rampant among European workers. In fact Sombart went so far as to assert that Marxian Socialism was the ready-made philosophy of the proletarian, the latter being defined as the wage-worker.

The present writer attacked this theory as early as 1920. The substance of his argument against Sombart was this: there exists in the United States a large social group of workers. They are practically immune to Socialism. They foster a thoroughly American philosophy of life. They are not revolutionary (with some exceptions, e.g., the I.W.W.). They glory in full citizen rights and in recognized social standing. The term proletarian is wholly alien to them, so it would

be absolutely inaccurate to classify them as such. Sombart agreed that this is true of the American worker. He predicted, however, that the American worker would turn proletarian as soon as the free land disappeared, and that after the disappearance of free land the American proletarian would turn Socialist.

Leaving aside for a moment this prediction we gain this much from the discussion, that wage-earners—and they may form a large social group—are not necessarily to be classed as proletarians. The question now is,



Assistance being given to men engaged in the almost hopeless search for work

under what conditions do wage-earners come into this class? And we find an answer to this question by analyzing why the American worker of pre-war days, or until the glorious prosperity period, was never so classed.

Many things concurred to keep the American worker from such a status. First of all a psychological factor: hand-work in this country never implied a social degradation as it did on European soil, still permeated with feudal traditions. This country has been built up by the hard toil of pioneering generations of free men streaming together from all social ranks. This country, therefore, developed a sound appreciation of hard work and of the pioneering spirit. The under-dog feeling of the European worker was missing; a president or a senator may boast of having started from the ranks of labor. Compare that with the defamation of the first president of the German Republic, Friedrich Ebert. Large social groups in Germany never forgot and never let him forget that he had started as a saddler.

Again, opportunities for the laboring man to rise prevailed for long decades and are not wholly absent even today. It is true that in many lines of business these opportunities ceased with the advent of large-scale enterprises and colossal capitalism. It is true also that the formerly reasonable expectation to get ahead and build up a fortune or an independent position in business vanished for large groups.

On the other hand, the educational facilities in this country opened a new avenue at least for the rise of workers' children. It cannot be doubted that many opportunities, which business increasingly failed to offer, resulted from the growth of government, state and municipal bureaucracy. All in all, however, the outlook for improving one's lot in life was not so bad if viewed over the generations. These general conditions prevented the stamping of proletarian characteristics on American labor and kept it from becoming violently class conscious.

FURTHERMORE, for decades the American worker had before him the "vast open spaces." He could escape from the toil and insecurity of wage labor and exchange his status for that of a farmer. Millions took this course and drained industry of possible proletarians. Of course in time the frontier disappeared. The accelerated pace of industrial development, since the nineties, concealed the social consequences of the closed

frontier for some decades by providing ample jobs at rising wages—again preventing the wage-earner from becoming a proletarian.

Besides, to phrase it in Sombart's words, the American worker is "well fed and knows nothing of the discomforts that are bound to come when one's diet is a combination of potatoes and alcohol. . . . On the reefs of roast beef and apple pie socialist utopias of every sort are sent to their doom." The high standard of living distinguished American workers from the European proletariat. And this high standard of living is further proof of high wages and steady employment.

TO SUM UP: the chance to rise, security, social equality and good wages were the main factors which distinguished the American worker from the proletarian. For long decades he offered evidence that this class is not identical with a wage-earning position in life.

A wage-earner is one of the proletariat in a strict sociological meaning of the word (aside from all demagogic and political descriptions) when his exclusive source of income is the sale of labor power on a shifting and insecure labor market. Wherever jobs are ample, labor is in demand; wages then tend to be high, and this reflects on the social standing of laboring groups. This country enjoyed for long decades the particular privilege of huge tracts of free land. This was a safety valve for the industrial labor market. The free land ceased to exist just at a time when America turned decidedly industrial. Again, for some decades, a safety valve was opened which offered ample jobs and good wages. Then came the war with its pressing need for labor. After a short breakdown in 1921-22 the prosperity period absorbed the supply of labor. But there appeared a bewildering signal: unemployment, accompanying a very pronounced prosperity period.

Even at the peak of the upswing a critical margin of unemployment remained, a margin which was larger than the so-called perennial unemployment. It indicated that something essential had been changed in the American labor situation. The subsequent depression unveiled the ghastly picture of a tremendous oversupply on both the urban and the rural labor market. Vigorous attempts to provide employment for these millions have proved only partially successful. And once the depression revealed that the American worker depended on a shifting labor market, the mark of the proletariat began to be verified in him.

Yet, one would be mistaken in assuming that this class is entirely of recent growth. In this country there had been a proletarian streak in labor for a long time. We doubt if the southern colored workers belonged to it rather than to an outright poverty group, for we must emphasize that a line of demarcation separates the poor man or the pauper from the proletarian. It seems to me, however, that at least since the turn of the century a group of unskilled workers arose, mostly new immigration, which was essentially proletarian. They did not develop a particular proletarian consciousness, because they accepted the dominant philosophy of labor as formulated by the A. F. of L. They were mostly inarticulate, although in bad times they voiced radical phrases, often taken from the vernacular of their mother tongue.

This group, more than any other, was exposed to competition; therefore it was unable to organize and to voice its needs and aspirations. The chances of this class to rise were very limited. Every set-back of business hit it without the aid of a shock-absorber. An indication of its proletarian character is the fact that whenever its misery was too great it responded with violent political unrest: the I.W.W. was its great adventure in pre-war days. As a class, however, it was not characteristically American; therefore its proletarian character failed to be noticed.

THIS GROUP of the unskilled developed in the meantime. Today it fills the cadres of the C.I.O. The rise and spread of the unionism of the unskilled, more than anything else, proves that a proletarian stratum has made its appearance. This stratum reaches today far into the semi-skilled. They, too, are in the grip of a social unrest formerly unknown. The presence of a vast army of unemployed and of another army of temporarily laid-off leaves no doubt that the formal and material criteria of proletarianization have materialized.

If this unemployment were only a specific depression phenomenon, we would be justified in doubting its truly proletarian character; but there is ample evidence that it is an expression of a basic change in the labor conditions of this country. Technological progress, the revolution of international trade relations and the mechanization of large agricultural sectors of the nation are some of the causes which point to a structural change in the economic fabric of this country. As a focus of insecurity the durable goods in-



EUROPEAN PHOTO

Three of the vast number of unemployed. Only a strong upswing in business can reduce the great number of unemployed

dustries have obtained obvious preponderance. They affect also an important sector of the skilled workers.

There are, of course, grades among the proletariat. It may be said that the well-organized skilled group shows the least inroads. Some groups, although suffering from seasonal unemployment or from part-time unemployment, may make up by higher wages for such periods of enforced idleness. However, the mere fact that the A. F. of L. changed its basic policy toward social security legislation in 1932 indicates that this organization also is aware of the new situation.

The present administration fully realized the gravity of this problem and enacted a far-reaching social program. The government acted as the trustee of these wage-dependent groups and of those whose social and economic standing was vitally endangered. The goal evidently was either to stop the process of proletarianization or to soften its consequences, for such a process seemed contrary to great emphasis on "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

European experience, especially post-war, proved that certain consequences are involved in such legislation which rather accentuate than soften the process. Social legislation almost always works out as an increased burden on business. Higher wages, shorter hours and social premiums have a tendency to increase production cost. This is the least that can be said, but this much can be said with absolute certainty. Now it is inherent in business policy

that it tries to minimize costs and to avoid as far as possible such expenses that affect the market relation of supply and demand and are, moreover, difficult to control.

European experience also amply demonstrated that business reacts against social legislation with more industrial concentration, more labor-saving, technological progress, and with a labor policy which presses a maximum of work out of a given labor force. There is no reason to assume that reactions are different in this country. If this is true, then, we have to reckon with a certain "frozen" percentage of unemployment, with a permanent residue on the labor market. This residue most probably will be rather substantial and it will form a kind of industrial reserve army. Only a very strong and lasting upswing in business can reduce this group to insignificance.

MOREOVER, social legislation for industrial workers has a tendency to increase the industrial price level, leaving the agricultural prices, at best, unchanged. It may happen that the agricultural prices are even forced down indirectly. The purchasing power of the farm population declines in this case. Farmers suffer and transfer their dissatisfaction into the political sphere. This is largely what caused the German farmers to join Nazism, just as millions of urban middle-class people had joined that party—because of the pressure of social legislation.

And last, but not least: improved labor conditions in the cities offer

more attractions for industrial occupation than do the rural areas for farm work. As a result energetic and vigorous farm hands and tenants swarm to the cities or encourage their children to look forward to better times and more opportunities in industrial work. It can be stated with absolute certainty that in some European countries a pronounced land-flight accompanied the improvements in the industrial workers' status, even at times when the urban labor market was glutted.

By trying to solve one problem we often find ourselves all of a sudden confronted with a terrible double problem. This is exactly what happened to Weimar-Germany and again to the French Republic under the unfortunate social legislation of the Blum cabinet. Only the absence of a substantial farm population saved England from a similar experience.

To sum up: Social legislation in the United States, as elsewhere, by softening the process and the hardships of those who form the proletariat, has a remarkable tendency to widen the scope of that class by pressing hard on lower middle-class groups, both urban and rural. It has, besides, a tendency to benefit the employed as against the unemployed. Consequently a supplementary policy must be devised to protect the middle-class and to provide opportunities for the industrial reserve army.

But the great problem is to arrive at a solution which does not rob Peter to pay Paul.

The Better Thrill

by C.J. EUSTACE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR



WHEN Felicity blundered into the nook and found Basil with the Crowell woman draped around his neck, she was too amazed and hurt to do anything but gape in pained astonishment.

"Oh," she exclaimed at last, "I beg your pardon."

It wouldn't have been so bad even then, if Basil hadn't tried to bluff it out.

"Come right in, Felicity," he said, a little stiffly. "Don't mind us."

"No, don't mind us," laughed the Crowell woman, in rather a high key. "Basil, you say the funniest things."

Felicity stood there only for a moment longer, watching him smooth his rumpled hair, striving to regain his ruffled dignity. As she turned away she heard him cursing softly. She didn't see him again until the end of the evening, when he caught her up as she was hurrying through the ballroom towards the fresh air outside.

"Hey," he called, "hey—Felicity."

She braced herself as she saw him coming.

"Felicity," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "I'm sorry. I wouldn't have—"

"Really, Basil," she laughed, rather a hard little sound that shocked her. "You are absurd. As if I minded."

"I'm so glad," he said, with an air of forced relief.

"For a moment I thought you did. Joan Crowell is such an emotional female. You know, Felicity, when a man—"

"I'm really not interested in discussing the matter," she said, meeting his urbane ex-

"I'm a rotter," he said gruffly. "I've realized only since I've been here how far away from life one can get."

planation with a nonchalance that she sensed neither of them felt. "I know that you consider every girl you meet as legitimate material to exploit your egotism as an author."

A little thrill shot through her as she saw him wince.

"I don't know whether that's quite fair—from you," he protested.

"WELL, you may as well know that you're not going to add me to your collection of gullible females," she replied.

It was strange how one egged a person on, especially someone one really cared for, until the danger point was reached, and then the explosion came. She saw it coming now, by the glint in his eyes.

"Perhaps you're too late to prevent what you fear," he said, with a sneer. "You may be in my collection already."

It was then that Felicity commenced to laugh. She laughed because, all of a sudden, a horrible empty feeling inside her gave warning that the time had not yet arrived in her young life when she could enjoy the spectacle of Basil Winters sticking pins into her heart.

"Well," she said, in a hard, even little voice between laughs, "now that we understand each other, it will make matters so much easier for both of us."

* * *

All the same, it didn't make matters any easier. Long after she got home, sitting on her rose-covered bed, indulging in that glorious feeling of utter relaxation that succeeds an evening of hard dancing, the sight of Basil's face haunted her. He was so charming and naïve, in some ways. Perhaps success, for two novels and a play at the Ambassador were bringing him in more money than he had ever possessed before, had gone to his head. Ever since she had known him, a matter now of nearly four

months, he had been full to the brim with the zest for living, but more especially with his own importance in the human equation.

She recalled her own thrill at meeting him for the first time. Of course, he was being lionized. All the old spinsters and dowagers made such a fuss over him. And what a catch he was for the "debs." Now that she came to think of it, she had been no better than anyone else in her set. She had gone after him for the thrill of making the kill, and it had been rather a cheap thrill. Somehow her thrill over Basil had developed into something else.

In the morning, when François drew up the blinds, and a sickly sun crept in through lace-lined windows, Felicity had dark rings under her eyes. True to her custom, however, she donned her riding habit and went for a little trot at ten o'clock.

She had no appetite for lunch, nor yet for dinner. She went to bed early, with a headache. The thought of Basil Winters dismayed her. Of course she had led him on. What girl doesn't lead a man on if she loves him? No, that was nonsense! She didn't love him.

About a week after this, Mrs. James Field, Felicity's mother, informed her rather pompous husband that their daughter looked run down.

"Well, my dear," he snapped, "I can't help it. She's your job, isn't she? Why don't you go away?"

"Because, my dear," replied Mrs. Field, in her applied regal manner, "It is not yet the season. Also, I think, Felicity needs to take an active interest in something. She has no zest for most of the things the young people in her set do."

Mr. Field was about to snap "Thank God she hasn't," when he remembered that it was to his wife that he was speaking. So he ventured instead, after a few moment's consideration: "The girl needs a change. Why not

send her up to Martha's place? That'll cure her of her city-bred complexes."

"That's a splendid suggestion, Jim," said Mrs. Field, brightening up. "I'll write to Martha today."

* * *

Thus it happened that Felicity, after a visit to the family doctor, who tapped her chest, took her pulse, looked into her eyes, and suggested deferentially to Mrs. Field that her daughter was suffering from a mild species of hysteria caused by too many late nights, too many cocktails, and "something on her mind," found herself on the train bound for Laval sur Lac, that tiny snow-bound village in the upper regions of the Laurentians.

Laval sur Lac was only a cluster of cottages, leaning cosily together, and surmounted by a tall church spire with a golden cross topping it. As they drew near, Felicity saw that her arrival in Pierre Bouchan's sleigh was attracting considerable attention. She had never seen her Aunt Martha, but she had somehow gathered the impression that she must be a lonely person. She was not prepared for the lively, well-dressed and efficient little woman who bustled forward to meet her with outstretched hands as the sleigh slid to a stop.

"Felicity?" she demanded in a soft voice, "How nice to meet you. I've heard so much about you."

SHE implanted a kiss on Felicity's left cheek. Somehow, one warmed towards her at once.

"And I'm glad to be here, Aunt," she smiled.

To which Aunt Martha replied, throwing her a quick look from beneath very keen gray eyes, "I'm sure you are; poor dear."

She burst suddenly into a flood of patois French to the gaping *habitants*. There was a sympathetic murmuring from the women, gruff muttering from the men, and they dispersed.



Madame Martha Pemble ushered her niece into her cottage home.

Felicity discovered that she could pour out her heart to Aunt Martha. At first she had been a trifle reserved. Then the silence, the peace, after the roar of Manhattan, was stupefying. Life seemed a simple matter, after all, free from complexities, and yet full and vital. And so she told her aunt the story of Basil Winters.

"I'm willing to admit I'm partly to blame. I set my cap for him, and I thought I had him." She smiled reminiscently. "I—I was so happy for a few days, because I prided myself on my capture. I suppose that it's my pride that hurts me now. I couldn't blame him after what I'd done."

"After what you'd done, dear?" prompted Aunt Martha in her gentle voice.

"Well, I'd rather gone out of my way to throw myself at him."

Aunt Martha didn't seem to be convinced about anything.

"Environment makes a lot of difference, I've discovered," she remarked vaguely. "It's lucky we have no such complexities about our lovers here."

"I love it," whispered Felicity; "it's so simple and beautiful."

Her aunt sighed.

"Yes, you'll love it, and I think that your nerves will soon recover here. Your mother seems to be quite worried about you. I'm to feed you on pasteurized milk, and all sorts of things. You know, Felicity, none of our milk is pasteurized here. It comes straight from the cow."

"How lovely," said Felicity vaguely.

She discovered soon that a stranger was a person of considerable importance in Laval sur Lac.

"There is a wedding at the home of Baptiste, my dear," Aunt Martha announced over breakfast that morning. "We shall have to take a part in it."

"We?" exclaimed Felicity in horror. "But, aunt, they don't even know me."

"What does that matter?" said Aunt Martha, shaking her head. "I know Marie Martin. She is the prospective bride, and I want you to know her." Marie Martin was not a French-Canadian. She was, like Felicity herself, an American, a shy, neat, pretty little thing, vivacious and smiling.

"MISS MARTIN is the bride-to-be," Aunt Martha said when she introduced them; "so you may find something of mutual interest to talk about."

Felicity, in spite of her ability to meet new situations with nonchalance, was tongue-tied.

"Are you going to be married, too?" Marie smiled at her.

"Oh no. I mean—I'm not going to be married," Felicity said.

Marie looked at her keenly, and sensed that there was a mystery here. She saw that Felicity's little morning frock, although simple, must have cost a lot of money. She saw that from the top of her beautifully coiffured hair to the soles of her exquisitely shod feet this city stranger was perfect, self-possessed, beautiful as she had never been. And yet she was in Laval sur Lac!

FELICITY, on her part, liked this girl. But an odd thought occurred to her. She looked at Marie, and noted that she was not expensively dressed, that her hair was wild and curly, and that she was totally unsophisticated.

"Your fiancé?" she asked, "I don't think I've met him?"

Miss Martin blushed.

"Oh Pierre," she exclaimed. "Well, you see, he won't be here until the day of the wedding. He lives in Montreal."

"Oh, I see."

"He's a lawyer."

"A lawyer?" Felicity echoed, in surprise. Then, realizing that Miss Martin was staring at her in a peculiar way, she said, "Yes, of course."

Marie Martin's room was a little white painted place with a crooked ceiling. A small crucifix hung above the bed, and the windows looked over the cottage roofs to the blue ridges of mountains beyond. There was a hook in the ceiling, and from this hung the bridal dress in shimmering whiteness. Felicity sighed as she recalled her last trousseau-tea in New York. The bride-to-be's room had been full of roses and expensive gifts, and lovely silken dresses. Yet this simple room contained the same promise, the same spirit of anticipation, of lingering beauty.

Glancing at the girl's face, Felicity was reminded of the Madonna, it was so placid and peaceful.

"You love being here, don't you?" "I shall miss it dreadfully in some ways, although being with Pierre will make a difference."

Felicity nodded. Contentment was not always a matter of dollars and cents, nor yet of admiration and laughter. Would Basil think. . . .

It was then, in a sudden burst of confidence, that she told Marie Martin all about Basil Winters.

"All the girls in my set were after him, and I knew that I couldn't get him unless—I went pretty far," she concluded.

Miss Martin's eyes seemed to be

fixed on some distant point on her snow-clad mountains.

"And did you?" she asked slowly. "Yes. He thought I was just as hard, and just as callous as the rest."

"And is he," Miss Martin asked, "just like the rest?"

"I thought that he wasn't. Now—I'm not sure."

"Poor dear," said Miss Martin gently, and touched Felicity's hands with her fingers. "The only thing would be to get him to yourself, and find out."

Felicity looked up quickly. Why—this girl understood.

"You mean—"

"Ask him to Laval sur Lac. This place has a habit of worming secrets out of people. If he is a man, he will show it here."

Suddenly Felicity knew that she was right. She would ask Basil here. But ask him—*here*? She could almost conjure up a mental vision of his long, supercilious face, his lifted eyebrows as he surveyed Laval sur Lac from the train. "My dear Felicity, what's the idea?" he would say. Something like that. Or possibly, "My dear child, can't you find skiing nearer New York?" He was hateful—hateful.

She gave Miss Martin a hug, and went to the door.

"THANK you so much," she threw back over her shoulder, "I know that you'll be happy in Montreal."

It was an effort to put her pride in her pocket, and to write to Basil. But Felicity sat down quietly, and after a few moment's struggle, trying to keep the picture of Marie Martin's madonna-white face before her, she wrote:

My dear Basil:—

I am staying at this little village for a change. If the idea of a holiday appeals to you, my aunt would be very glad to have you stay with us. You will need nothing but skiing clothes, tweeds, and a heavy overcoat.

Yours sincerely,

Felicity.

Felicity had been in Laval sur Lac six days, and she was beginning to enjoy herself. She was quite at home with the villagers who recognized in her another, and less important, edition of Madame Martha Pemble herself. Pierre Bouchon's son and Marie Martin were married, and Pierre junior, a dark-eyed young man of considerable charm, threw his arms around Felicity after the ceremony and kissed her good-bye. Now, as she walked along the street,

she found herself automatically nodding to people, answering their cheery "*Bon jour, Ma'amselle.*" When the bell of the church rang out, morning, noon and night, she felt, for the first time, that little thrill which crept through her, warming the extremities of her being. Day by day these simple people went about their tasks—home, school and church. In some way she, too, caught a part of their contentment, so that the fact of Basil Winters' existence was temporarily forgotten.

One day, returning home from a visiting expedition with her aunt, she discovered that he had arrived. She was aware of his presence first as that of a strange man, wearing a rather elegant cut of overcoat, standing with his back towards her, warming his hands over the grate-fire. He turned at the sound of their footsteps, and as he caught sight of her his eyes lit up.

Felicity looked charming. Her cheeks were flushed from the ride on the sleigh. She was wearing an *habitant* broadskirt of bright red, with a blue pullover and white scarf. Her first inclination was to rush to meet him, to fling into his arms and tell him how much she had thought of him. Not because she felt drawn towards him at the moment, but chiefly because he had been often in her mind, and it seemed the natural thing to do.

As he opened his mouth to speak, the old civilized reticences asserted themselves, and she was conscious of a little stab of fear.

"Well," he grinned, "I'm here."

She gave him her hand rather formally.

"I'm pleased to see you, Basil," she said simply. "May I introduce Basil Winters, Aunt?"

Felicity went upstairs, leaving her aunt to talk to him. For some reason her cheeks were burning, not altogether from the snow, and she buried her face for a moment in the cool whiteness of the pillows. Hadn't she been rather foolish and impulsive in asking Basil to come to Laval sur Lac?

She changed into a simple little gown, and while she was dressing she commenced to wonder what to do with him. Aunt Martha had agreed to her proposal about inviting him to the cottage. In fact, she had agreed almost too readily, when one came to think about it.

When she came downstairs she found that he had made himself thoroughly at home. He was in tweeds, sitting by the fireside, smoking a pipe. Somehow she liked him like that, and flashed him a quick smile as he stood up at her entrance. After all, there was something refreshing about manners. . . .

THEY sat opposite each other, on each side of the fire. In the flickering gloom, Aunt Martha rattled the dishes. His eyes, veiled through pipe smoke, sought hers across the gap. He opened his mouth, and she heard his voice as if it were coming from a great distance.

"You look as though the primitive life suited you very



"Well," Aunt Martha announced fiercely, "you'll either get him to propose this afternoon or both of you go back to New York tomorrow."

well, Felicity. Are you enjoying it?"

"I love it." She refused a cigarette as he passed across his case. "And so will you when you've been here a few days."

He shrugged, and smiled.

"I might."

They were silent then. But suddenly, through the air, stealing into the house, came the sound of a bell. Felicity found herself watching Basil's face eagerly.

"What is it?" he inquired. "Time for church?"

"It's the Angelus," she said quietly. The bell tolled gently. In her

mind's eye she filled in the picture—the tired *cultivateur* bowing his head in the fields, making his way home.

She saw that he was moved, for he reached out and knocked his pipe noisily on the stone hearth when the bells had ceased. It was hard to remain either cynical or superficial in Laval sur Lac. In the middle of their reverie Pierre Bouchon came in.

"*Bon soir, Ma'amselle,*" he called gaily. "*Be'en, Madame Pemble,* but your baking smells good!"

Aunt Martha laughed, and Pierre, turning, caught sight of Felicity and the stranger beside the grate. Immediately he was silent, suspicious, as

these people are with souls they do not know.

"This is a friend of mine, Pierre," said Felicity in her Parisian French. "Monsieur Winters—Monsieur Pierre Bouchon."

They chatted for a moment, and Pierre said. "Perhaps your friend will come to see us?"

Felicity translated for Basil.

"Well, thanks very much," he said clumsily, "*Merci bien, Monsieur.*"

Pierre's face brightened, and he burst into a veritable flood of French. But Basil shook his head, and Felicity turned away with a smile at the sight of his face. This was taking him down a peg. She laughed aloud after

Pierre had gone, and for once Basil had nothing to say, except during dinner to praise the quality of Aunt Martha's cooking. This was, she reflected afterwards, a rare enough gesture on his part.

It was late at night, and Basil had finished reading a chapter of *Maria Chapdelaine* to Felicity. He had rather a nice baritone voice, and he read with feeling. Aunt Martha even dabbed her nose once or twice. Felicity's eyes were shining.

"Well—that's that," he said quietly, closing the book. He avoided her eyes, and stood up and stretched. "Think I'll turn in now," he yawned. "This place makes one pleasantly sleepy."

"Your candle's on the top rack, Mr. Winters," said Aunt Martha lazily.

He got up, fetched the candle and lit it, and with the tiny flame shining on his face, he bid them good-night. He paused, halfway upstairs, and his eyes were on Felicity's face.

"That book," he said, "is a great

piece of work. I'd like to be able to do something like that."

She stood, looking up at him, meeting his eyes, her heart racing madly.

"You might, Basil, some day. When the sight, the very mention of the name of Laval sur Lac gives you a thrill."

He didn't answer her, but they heard his heavy boots laboring up the landing. There was quietness. The fire fell in, and a shower of sparks raced up the chimney. Aunt Martha's head was nodding. Felicity got up and fetched her candle.

* * *

In the morning Basil was down early, but Felicity was up before him.

"Good morning," he called, his eyes approving her. "You see, I'm improving already. Haven't been out of bed so early for months."

After breakfast they went for a snow-shoe hike. They returned for dinner to Pierre Bouchon's, where the wedding celebrations were still in progress, although the bride and groom had been gone for a week.

WHEN he had been there a week, Felicity knew that her plan had worked. Basil was furiously in love with her. Everywhere she went, he followed her with his eyes. He was not only in love with her, but he was in love with life again—with all the color and lively gaiety of the *habitant*—with nature in her severest moods. He had forgotten himself and his own petty interests. He was attentive, grave, naïve and very polite.

One day, as the month drew to an end, Aunt Martha became curious. Basil had gone to his room, and Felicity and she were sitting alone.

"Well, what are you going to do with him?" she demanded.

"I can't very well tell him to go home," Felicity said, deliberately misunderstanding her question.

"How much longer are you going to amuse yourself with the poor boy, I mean?" Aunt Martha made her point clear indignantly.

Felicity was unable to answer. After all, it had seemed fair to her to give him back something for what he had handed her.

"He hurt me sufficiently, Aunt," she whispered.

Aunt Martha stood up suddenly. For the first time since she had been at Laval sur Lac, Felicity sensed that her aunt was angry.

"Well," she announced fiercely, "you'll either get him to propose this afternoon, or both of you go back to New York tomorrow."

"But, Aunt—" cried Felicity, facing her, wild-eyed.

When the Old Remember

By LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY

When the old remember, trivialities
Fade in perspective as dim forests blur
Behind the foreground of a painted frieze.
Into their consciousness, dreams lovelier
For years of mellowing, like fireflies, burn
A moment in the dark, then slip away
Perhaps forever; or again return
As ghostlike echoes of another day.

Always the further time has led them on,
The further back their recollection goes—
To realms of childhood where the past shall don
A radiance the present never knows.
Kindly at last, death's countenance shall seem
An image from an unforgotten dream.

"You can do what you like about it," said Aunt Martha quietly. "All this fussing and fooling around. As if your love is one shade different from the loves of all our simple people here. They don't take months to make up their minds."

* * *

Felicity sat down on a rock. They had been tramping, it seemed, for miles. She was wearing her peasant red skirt, and a blue pullover. In the distance they could glimpse the spire of the Church.

Basil sat silently, with his knees crossed. He was frowning at his boots. Felicity put out her foot and prodded him in the back.

"What is it all about, Basil?"

"Eh?"

"I said—what is it all about? You look pensive."

"Yes," he grunted. "I am."

He sucked his pipe. They were both overcome by the silence, and by their desire for each other. But they were both tongue-tied because of their own little personal worlds, in which they were living at that moment. It seemed to Basil that Felicity could never really forgive him for the kind of things he had done in New York. It seemed to Felicity that she would have to propose herself—and this went against the grain.

It was then that the thrill came. It was only the tolling of the church bell. It was six o'clock, and the time of the Angelus. A silence descended on the countryside. Or was it the Angelus? The bell tolled three times. It was for a death. Three times it tolled for a man, twice only for a woman—for it was easier, the peasants said, for a woman to get into

heaven than a man. So *le bedeau* always gave an extra pull for a man.

The sound seemed to lift something from each of them. It transported them into a common world—the world of the present. It was only a token, a little reminder that life is short.

Half unconsciously their eyes met, and Felicity caught her breath because she saw that his were filled with tears. In a moment she was down on her knees beside him.

"Basil dear," she said gently, "I'm sorry. I'm a beast."

He was holding her fast in his arms now.

"No, you're not," he said gruffly. "I'm a rotter. I've only realized since I've been here how far away from life one can get." He laughed joyously, "And I'm a writer—looking for material."

"Poor old boy," said Felicity, putting up her hand to his face, "You're weeping."

But he was laughing, too. Then, suddenly as if remembering something, he bent his head to her ear. "Felicity dear, I love you."

"I wondered when that was coming," she said.

It was late when they came within sight of the cottage. The front door was open, and bright lights twinkled through the windows. It seemed as if the briskness of life reached out and touched their hearts.

"This place," said Basil, "gives me the biggest thrill I'm ever likely to have."

"Let's hope you get a kick out of it in ten years' time, darling," said Felicity wisely.

And somehow, she knew he would.

In The Army Soon

By WILLIAM H. BAUMER



EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

Cadets of the U. S. Military Academy on parade. The cadets are always at their best and give a consistently good show

The United States Military Academy at West Point Trains Leaders of Mental and Moral Qualities That Are of Great Importance in the World of Today

SEVERAL years ago, a stranger approached a high-ranking officer in the club at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii. The well-dressed civilian spoke: "You won't remember my name. I was dismissed from your class at the Military Academy at West Point on an 'honor' charge." The officer admitted that he knew of the case, but couldn't remember the man's name.

"Perhaps you would rather not speak to a man 'found' on honor. If so, I will seek another classmate, for I've got to get my story off my chest." The officer motioned the stranger to a booth.

"First off," the visitor's eyes narrowed, "I am not a bum; I am an executive in a large corporation. My salary is several times that of a Major General; yet I would gladly trade it and all my wealth for the removal of the cadet honor charge."

The officer squirmed slightly.

"You may not recall much of the incident which caused my dismissal; but I remember every move. I was at the blackboard in Mathematics' class. My problems were difficult, and the next cadet was apparently finding them easy. For some unknown

reason, I looked on his board and copied a few symbols. Meanwhile one of the cadets who had finished his recitation had seen the whole procedure. He had no choice but to report me for an honor violation. When called before the committee, I admitted my guilt and left the Academy before 'taps' that same evening.

"For a few weeks I hated the whole West Point system. Then finding that an attitude of bitterness decreased my chances of eating regularly, I determined to live on the West Point pattern.

"At the outbreak of the World War, I joined the British Army, later shifting to the Canadian forces. When the United States entered the war, I secured my discharge from the Canadian Army and enlisted as a private in our army. I was soon a top sergeant, and was offered the officers' training course. I refused because I did not want to be thrown with my West Point classmates. When the war ended, I was only a few medals richer."

The ex-West Pointer's lips tightened as he said, "I then went into this corporation—at the bottom.

Strangely it didn't take me many years to arrive at my present position. All over the corporation, I am known as a West Pointer. At first I denied it; but the tag persisted. Therefore, I renewed my pledge to live up to the principles of the Academy. In reaching my present post in the company, I believe I have succeeded in that plan. If you will ask any man in the organization, I am sure he will say that I am a square shooter, that I have a West Pointer's reputation for veracity.

"I know that you are wondering what you, as an officer in the Army and a graduate of the Academy, can do for me; what I will ask of you. It is a big favor I want." The blue of his eyes deepened.

"I understand that you are going back to the big class reunion this year. Could you—would you—tell the fellows that I haven't let West Point down?"

At the reunion all felt that this dishonored member had lived a higher sense of duty, honor, and country than they.

West Point's teachings, its discipline, its life, and its reputation all revolve about its honor system.



Catholic Chapel—looking north up river at Storm King Mountains in distance

As soon as the newly arrived Plebes, or Freshmen, catch their breath in July, the honor system is brought to their attention. Within a fortnight, they are living under its rules.

In the instruction book for these Plebes, there is the opening note, "The first mission of the Military Academy is to instill discipline and a high sense of honor."

Further, this Plebe "bible" says that, "... an honor system, to be feasible and to endure, must not be bound by ironclad rules, but must exist to a considerable extent in the minds of the group to which it applies; from which facts it derives a certain degree of flexibility.

"The guiding principles of the system are these:

"1. No intentional dishonesty is excusable, and under no circumstances will it be condoned.

"2. Everyone is bound to report any breach of honor which comes to his attention.

"3. Offenders of the Code of Honor are never granted immunity.

"4. Quibbling, evasive statements, or technicalities in order to shield guilt or defeat the ends of justice will not be tolerated. The Code of the Soldier demands courageous and fearless honesty in setting forth the

truth, regardless of consequences."

It would be misleading to convey the impression that the application of the honor code is too harsh, because there is a practical reason behind it. If a cadet managed to cheat to any extent in his work, he would rank some of his more deserving classmates throughout his Army career.

The academic day is from 7:50 A.M. to 3:00 P.M., for five days a week. On Saturdays the cadets are dismissed at noon. The weekly individual inspection follows luncheon.

Cadets know that in each class they will either recite or answer a graded test on their daily scholastic assignments. These assignments are published at the beginning of the semester. For instance, the first class knows on August 28th that on December 9th they are to study for Economics and Government, pages 31 to 60 inclusive, in the *Great Powers in World Politics* by Frank H. Simonds and Brooks Emeny.

All cadets are graded daily in every subject and the marks with totals published weekly. Once a month, a general order of merit, according to averages, is issued. The class is thereby re-sectioned in groups of fourteen or less. The instructors also rotate. This elaborate set-up is the

essence of the West Point system of education—small groups, daily grades and blackboard work.

The daily schedule begins at 5:50 A.M., when the bugles, drums and bells blast the Corps of Cadets from its collective bed. Within ten minutes, all cadets fall in, fully-clothed, for an attendance check. Many mornings the snow swirled about us and the cold penetrated every bone. Sleepy eyes saw only gray stone—probably the bleakest sight in the world at 6:00 A.M.

After reveille, there are twenty minutes until room inspection, when all beds must be made up with mattress doubled back and blankets and sheets folded in eighths, approximately pillow size. The punishment for failure to make one's bed is three demerits—the monthly allowance of demerits is nine. Upperclassmen make these early morning inspections and must report the roommate whose bed is not made, and report themselves if they fail to inspect. Thus does the honor system enter the daily life.

AFTER 6:30 A.M. breakfast, the cadets return to their rooms for more study prior to their first class.

The noonday meal is more interesting than breakfast—the students talk more freely of their affairs. Of the ten cadets at each table, three are Plebes who sit at the foot. They keep the table supplied with food, and carve meat. And woe to the Plebe who hacks a roast! The librarian says his most popular book is *Meat Carving*. The other Plebes pour the beverages. All must sit on the front few inches of their chairs and are not allowed to converse except when spoken to by an upperclassman.

Classes are reassembled at one o'clock. Assured first classmen in khaki campaign hats, black boots and spurs, gray breeches and leather gloves, form ranks for riding instruction—or equitation, as it has been known since those classical days of 1829, when it first appeared on the schedule, presumably as the equipment of an officer and gentleman.

All cadets learn to ride—at first without stirrups and at slow trot. One day the instructor was pointing out the errors to a cadet having trouble "posting" at the trot, getting his horse to take the correct "lead" at the gallop, and other essentials of horsemanship. Every few minutes the instructor would point out to the cadet his errors, by saying, "Mr. Jones, look at how I 'post'; then look at yourself." This continued through the essentials. Finally the cadet could stand it no longer and from his perch on his rather sad-

looking horse, he said with respect, "Sir, look at your horse; then look at mine."

The only other group which attends a non-academic subject during the school hours is the Plebe class, which has a single hour of gymnasium each morning. There they are taught the West Point "set-up," or position of attention. They also learn the rudiments of boxing, wrestling, fencing, swimming, and the performance of many gymnastic exercises.

Fifteen minutes after the dismissal of classes, during the Spring and Fall, the entire school forms for some type of exercise. One-half the cadets attend military drill until 4:15, while the others engage in intramural and intercollegiate athletics. Groups in varied uniforms seem to be double-timing helter-skelter about the campus for five minutes after the bugle calls. Suddenly order appears—every tennis court is occupied; lacrosse, soccer, golf and other sports occupy the parade ground. Every man has his place in this vast physical training plan. None escape, for even those with injuries on the mend take corrective exercises. Football and track groups practice on the polo field; swimming and basketball indoors. Each man carries his own equipment and is appropriately dressed for his sport.

At the same time, if it is not drill day, the Corps Squad men—intercollegiate competitors—appear on their individual way to the various fields.

All West Point is a panorama of color, of action, of mighty shouts. After an hour of play, the intramural

groups return to barracks. The Corps Squads stay until 6:00 P.M., whether they commenced early or after drill.

In the winter, a third of the corps is on the various intercollegiate teams while the remainder get their exercise from walks, skiing, ice-skating, or at squash or handball. Some few prefer the library or the privacy of their own rooms. These last cadets are banteringly called the "red comforter squad."

At the evening supper, the corps is in a lively mood, especially in the Fall and Spring when football trips, vacations and graduation are approaching. At football rallies the Plebes gleefully sit at ease while they yell their lungs out, or listen to the drum beats of the band bouncing off the fifty-foot ceiling, above this immense dining hall that seats over two thousand men comfortably. At the rallies this fall, I found the old feelings rampant.

Paul Gallico gives a picture of one of these rallies. He says: "... and I envied those kids, because they were able really to care ... and I, who perhaps never did, and certainly do not now, truly envied them. ... I still found time to look back into my own life and wonder whether I had ever cared that much for victory or defeat. ...

"Why isn't it possible to hold that? (the caring). The cheer leader who led the rally spoke to the Corps with his eyes blazing and his body as taut as a bowstring with a purpose, and he was saying that Army could win; ... and the cadets got up on their hind legs and yelled affirmation; and the great hall was alive and throbbing with the glory of youth. We

can! We will! We've got the stuff! They can't beat us! Our team is the best team on earth. ... Fight! Fight! Fight!

"Does it always work? I wish I knew. I wish I were that lithe young cheer leader high on the platform, aflame with belief. I wish I didn't know what I know. I wish I weren't so smart and bitter. I wish I could go to West Point, and believe, and struggle, and suffer, and rejoice."

After supper there are a few minutes for visiting. At 7:15, evening study period begins. "Taps" is at ten o'clock for all except the few who, being deficient scholastically, are given an extra half hour.

ONE night, the story is told, the inspecting officer was making his after "taps" rounds of the barracks. He found one man in his room studying under a blanket in order to conceal the light; another was wrapped in a blanket studying by the hall light. These were routine reports. Down into the basement he went, to find one cadet poring over his books in the locker room and another working in the janitor's closet, but the climax was a cadet sitting on two or three pillows in a bathtub while he did his homework. The officer tore up the reports.

Since its inception, the objective of the Academy has been the training of leaders. The curriculum, the discipline, the attention to honor, and the strenuous physical training all aim toward that goal. The emphasis is on leadership in the handling of a squad or in marching the section to class, in playing intramural athletics or in the classroom. The



West Point and Hudson River—Constitution Island at right. Flirtation Walk encircles point of land at right

basic rules of leadership, of fairness, of confidence, of respect, and of morale—are engendered in the cadet's makeup without his always being entirely aware of it. The realization of leadership often comes after graduation. Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court while speaking of leadership once declared: "West Point—a school that has produced a man to meet every national emergency that has ever confronted the country."

Naturally the Academy turns its attention to the military side, with training in tactics and use of weapons, so that according to the cadet's class standing, he may intelligently choose his arm of the service. During the academic year, there is relatively little training in actual military work, other than tactical map problems and the teaching of military history. Much of the military work is taught from a practical standpoint during the summer period, for cadets remain at the Academy three of their four summers.

One cannot leave the picture of the undergraduate life at West Point without speaking of the spiritual life of the cadets. Here again the West Point system has triumphed. Here is really working a sincere spirit of toleration, the more remarkable because of the vastly divergent backgrounds of this huge corps of men. Here a man is truly valued "not by his roots," but "by his fruits." Parenthetically, therefore, religion is never an issue; no more is race; nor nationality.

In line with the policy of the United States Government, religion has always been fostered in the armed forces of the country. Chapel attendance, therefore, was early placed on the cadet schedule.

Since chapel, like everything else at West Point is compulsory, cadets must appear at either the Protestant or the Catholic services. Most of the men attend services at the beautiful Protestant chapel—a building which dominates the entire campus.

Of the 1800 cadets, 420 attend the Catholic chapel. Contributing causes of this percentage are that a few non-sectarian cadets elect the Catholic service and others choose the Catholic chapel because of the example of their faithful fellow cadets. Father George Murdock, the Chaplain, says that eighty per cent of the cadets are regular communicants. Fourteen others are taking Catholic instruction. This number remains quite constant.

The cadets sing in their choir, which is cadet trained and conducted. Also, they serve Mass, act as ushers

and assist their pastor in getting large attendances at his benefit dances. At the latest such affair at the Hotel Astor in New York, following the Notre Dame football game, there were 815 cadets present, besides many persons prominent in New York life.

The government does not support the Catholic chapel. In fact, it took an order signed by two presidents to allow a denomination-supported chapel to be built on government land. To continue the chapel, it has been necessary to obtain contributions from Army officers everywhere, and from friends interested in West Point's Catholic cadets.

On holy days, when Catholic cadets must rouse themselves for 5:30 Mass, there are rarely more than fifteen missing. Also, many cadets find time to visit the Blessed Sacrament daily.

General Edmund Daley, who has known numerous groups of young men, has said of the faith of the cadets, "West Point is the most Catholic institution in America."

West Point, before 1900, was a small out-mission from the Highland Falls' Parish. Mass was celebrated in those early days in a hall adjoining the stables on the river flats.

Monsignor Cornelius O'Keefe, triumphing in 1899 with his presidential order, and acquiring funds by legerdemain, built the Holy Trinity Chapel a year later on a beautiful spot on the Hudson River—a knoll where it would look out on the beauty of the river, the Storm King Mountains, and Constitution Island. It is nestled against the hill so that its rough local stone blends with the scenery. The small structure is a replica of an English chapel of Norman Gothic design, erected by the Carthusian monks and later converted by Queen Elizabeth into a Protestant church.

Father Murdock does not preside over the Catholic cadets; he is as one of them. He welcomes the many who appear at his rectory. They bring him their troubles and their laughter. Readily the "padre," as the cadets call him, reaches into his experience, accumulated in the Navy, Marine Corps and Army, to aid any cadet. He knows this Catholic group, their wants, their different psychology, as few do. I have heard him, his eyes sparkling, say that he is continuously edified by the conduct of these rugged-living young men.

The cadets have a strong faith, a moral tone which Father Murdock has greatly uplifted and influenced. The pastor is living the future, too, for when his graduated cadets are

scattered over the world he wants their faith to be as constant as their love of country and of honor.

This then is the whole-hearted Catholicity at West Point—a combination of rugged living with the softness men of strong faith can have.

The United States Military Academy gives its men of college age a stamp—a mixture of several qualities that are of great value in today's confused world.

First of all, there is implanted confidence in oneself. It is a quiet feeling of courage—no graduate has ever been found lacking in bravery. In addition, it is a self-reliance and a backbone that makes them want the right. This confidence backs the words of Theodore Roosevelt at the Centennial Exercises in 1902: "... During that century (1802-1902), no other institution in the land has contributed so many names to the honor roll of the Nation's greatest citizens."

Next there is in cadets a feeling of stability beyond their years. They are responsible men. Our government is aware of that fact, for at one time during the depression, one-fourth of all Army officers were on some non-military duty. That government trust is always a responsibility and is always accepted as such by the graduates of the West Point Military Academy.

THIRDLY, there is the honor code of West Pointers which has made them desirable in business as well as in military life. Their regard for integrity and fidelity has made them a required adjunct to any project which demands the highest principles.

Fourth, there is the spirit which invigorates the "Point." Possibly the French have expressed it better than we with such words as *elan*, *eclat*, and *esprit de corps*. But no matter in what language expressed, it is the will to press on when physical power says no. West Pointers have that quality. History is replete with their record.

In another way, the spirit of West Point is almost an ideology. It is a fraternal feeling which is a kinship among all who have ever been cadets. As once-wearers-of-the-gray, they are quick to defend their school—its ideals, its principles, and its students.

This combination of characteristics makes every Academy man want to live up to its code, as did the ex-cadet who, though he had been dismissed on an "honor" charge, still kept the spirit of the Academy and did not want to lower others' opinion of West Point.

Toward Christian Unity

Social Obstacles to Unity Among Christian Churches Are Greater and More Dynamic Than Are the Various Obstacles to Unity of Belief

By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Illustrated by Paul Groul

THE PROBLEM of Reunion has been dealt with from every point of view and by every school of Christian thought, but I think it is true to say that in the vast majority of cases it has been approached from the intellectual side and the social aspect has been relatively neglected: I mean the emphasis has always been on the obstacles to unity of belief; and the no less real social obstacles to unity among Christians have received less attention than they deserved.

It is true that plenty of attention—perhaps too much—has been given to questions of order and rite—the controversy regarding Anglican orders, that with the Eastern Church regarding the use of unleavened bread in the Eucharist, even the date of Easter and the form of the tonsure. But these also have been dealt with intellectually, as matters of historical truth and orthodox rite, and seldom treated as what they really are—symptoms of an unconscious clash of culture and social tension.

In other words I would suggest not merely that the cause of disunity is schism (which is a truism), but that heresy is, as a rule, not the cause of schism but an excuse for it or rather a rationalization of it. Behind every heresy there lies some kind of social conflict, and it is only by the resolution of this conflict that unity can be restored.

In order to illustrate what I mean I would take as an example the schism between the Byzantine and the

Armenian Churches, for that controversy is sufficiently remote for us to treat it in a completely impartial spirit. Here the theological issues at stake were the Monophysite heresy and the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon, matters of the highest importance which involved the most profound and subtle problems of theological science. Yet even from the beginning it is obvious that the passions which filled the streets of Alexandria with tumult and bloodshed and set bishops fighting like wild animals were not inspired by a pure desire for theological truth or even by purely religious motives of any kind. It was a spirit of faction which used theological slogans, but which drew its real force from the same kind of motive which causes political strife or even war and revolution.

And when we leave the primary conflict at Alexandria and Ephesus and come to its secondary results in Armenia or Abyssinia, it is obvious that the theological element has become practically negligible, and the real conflict is one of national feeling. Take as an example the rubric, which used to appear in the Greek liturgy for the week before Septuagesima Sunday and which I quoted in *The Making of Europe*. "On this day the thrice accursed Armenians begin their blasphemous fast which they call Artziburion, but we eat cheese and eggs to refute their heresy."

Here, it seems to me, we can see in an almost pure state the spirit that

causes religious dissension. To put it crudely, it means that the Greeks thought the Armenians beastly people, who were sure to be wrong whatever they did. And where such a spirit reigns, what could be hoped for from theological discussions? The same spirit that made the eating of cheese a confutation of Armenian depravity, would never have any difficulty in finding some theological expression, and if it had not been the doctrine of the Incarnation, then something else would have served just as well.

IT IS easy for us to condemn the Greeks and the Armenians, because we belong to a different world and if we fast at all, we find it difficult to understand how people can attach such enormous importance to the questions of exactly when and how the fast is to be made. But can we be sure that the same spirit is not just as strong today, though it takes quite different forms? I remember years ago reading a story of an eminent Nonconformist divine, whose name I have forgotten, which struck me as an example of this. He had been on a visit to Assisi and was immensely impressed with the story of St. Francis and the medieval art in which it is expressed. But one evening as he was visiting the lower church he happened to come across a friar and a group of peasant women making the Stations of the Cross and singing one of those mournful traditional chants which are so different to our English



The cause of Christian unity can best be served neither by religious controversy nor by political action, but by the theological virtues

hymn tunes and strike one as half oriental. And suddenly he experienced a violent revulsion of feeling and said to himself: "This religion is not my religion and this God is not the God that I worship."

This seems to me a perfect instance of what I have in mind because the intellectual or theological motive is entirely absent. It is not as though he jibbed at Mariolatry or the pomp of a High Mass. He was revolted by the very thing in Italy for which Evangelical Nonconformity has stood in England, a spontaneous manifestation of popular Christocentric devotion. And what upset him was not any divergence of theological views but merely the alien setting and the different cultural tradition which separates the world of the Italian peasant from that of the middle-class Englishman.

ANY real religion must recognize on one hand the objective character of religious truth—and hence the necessity of a theology, and on the other the need for religion to embody itself in concrete forms appropriate to the national character and the cultural tradition of the people. It is right that Italian peasants and English shop-keepers should have different needs and different emotions and should express their feelings in different forms; what is wrong is that they should worship different gods or should regard each other as separated from the mind of Christ and the body of the Church because they speak a different language and respond to different emotional stimuli. In other words: differences of rite ought not to involve differences of faith.

Now it is hardly necessary to point out the bearing that this has on the problem of the reunion of Catholic and Protestant Europe. To the average Protestant Catholicism is not the religion of St. Thomas and St. Francis de Sales and Bossuet; it is the religion of wops and dagoes who worship images of the Madonna and do whatever their priests tell them to do. And the same is true of the average Catholic *mutatis mutandis*.

Underlying the theological issues that divide Catholicism and Protestantism there is the great cultural schism between Northern and Southern Europe which would still have existed if Christianity had never existed, but which, when it exists, inevitably translates itself into religious terms. Yet this division is a natural one that cannot be condemned as necessarily evil since it is part of the historical process. If it had been possible to keep life to a dead level of uniformity, in which Englishmen and Spaniards, French and Germans were all alike, conditions might be more

favorable to religious unity, but European civilization would have been immensely poorer and less vital, and its religious life would probably have been impoverished and devitalized as well.

It is the besetting sin of the idealist to sacrifice reality to his ideals: to reject life because it fails to come up to his ideal; and this vice is just as prevalent among religious idealists as secular ones. If we condemn the principle of diversity or polarity in history, and demand an abstract uniform civilization which will obviate the risk of wars and religious schisms, we are offending against life in the same way as though we condemned the difference of the sexes, as many heretics actually have done, because it leads to immorality. And this is not a bad parallel, because the polarity or duality of culture of which I have spoken is but an example of that universal rhythm of life which finds its most striking expression in the division of the sexes. Of course I do not mean to say that the duality of culture is an absolute fixed unalterable law—it is rather a tendency that acts differently in different societies and in different stages of the development of a single society. But it is a tendency that is always present and that seems to become more clearly defined when social life and culture is most vital and creative, as for example at the time of the Renaissance.

Any vital point in the life of society may become the centre of such a polarization, and where a culture has an exceptionally rigid organization, as in the Byzantine empire, the principle of duality may find expression in an apparently arbitrary division, like those of the Circus factions—the Blues and the Greens which played so important a part in the social life of Constantinople. As a rule however race and religion are the vital points around which the opposing forces in society coalesce. Thus we see how the Ionian and Dorian strains form the two opposite poles of Greek civilization and finally become defined in the conflict between Athens and Sparta that tore Greece asunder in the fifth century.

SOMETIMES the types of motive coalesce and reinforce one another, as in Ireland where the cause of religion and race became identified, so that the opposition between Celt and Anglo-Saxon finds religious expression in the opposition of Catholic and Protestant. We find a similar state of things in Poland where it was twofold, and showed itself in the conflict of Catholic Pole with Protestant German in the Western provinces and of Catholic Pole and Orthodox Russia

in the East, while in the South where the conflict was a purely rational one between Catholic Pole and Catholic Austrian, feeling was less intense and the cultural opposition less strongly marked. On the other hand in Bohemia, at an earlier period, where the opposition of Czech and German also manifested itself in a religious form, Slav nationalism took an heretical form and the German ascendancy was identified with the cause of the Church.

IN ADDITION to these cases, where the principle of social polarity is exemplified in its crudest form, we have a more subtle kind of socio-religious polarity that develops inside the unified national society and within the boundaries of a common religious tradition. A most striking example of this is to be found in England where the tension of opposing social forces found expression in the religious opposition between the Established Church and the Nonconformist sects. At first sight it may seem as though the diversity and disunity of nonconformity are inconsistent with what I have said about religious schism as an expression of the duality of culture and the tendency of social forces to converge round two opposite poles. But if we leave aside the theological aspect of nonconformity and concentrate our attention on its social character, we shall see that the opposition of Church and Chapel, of conformity and dissent has an importance in the life of the eighteenth and nineteenth century English village or small town which far outweighs the differences between the nonconformist sects.

But whatever view we may take of the causes of any particular schism and the social significance of particular religious movements, I think there can be no question but that in the history of Christendom from the Patristic period down to modern times, heresy and schism have derived their main impulse from sociological causes, so that a statesman who found a way to satisfy the national aspirations of the Czechs in the fifteenth century or those of the Egyptians in the fifth would have done more to reduce the centrifugal force of the Hussite or the Monophysite movements than a theologian who made the most brilliant and convincing defense of Communion in one kind or of the doctrine of the two natures of Christ. Whereas it is very doubtful if the converse is true, for even if the Egyptians had accepted the doctrine of Chalcedon they would have found some other ground of division so long as the sociological motive for division remained unaltered.

What bearing has all this on the problem of reunion as it exists today? It would be a profound mistake to conclude that because religious disunion in the past has been based on social and political causes, we must accept it in a spirit of fatalism as an evil that cannot be remedied except by political or economic means. The cause of Christian unity can best be served neither by religious controversy nor by political action, but by the theological virtues: faith, hope and charity. And these virtues must be applied both in the intellectual and the religious spheres.

It is above all necessary to free the religious issue of all the extraneous motives that take their rise in unconscious social conflicts, for if we can do this we shall deprive the spirit of schism of its dynamic force. If we can understand the reason for our instinctive antipathy to other religious bodies, we shall find that the purely religious and theological obstacles to reunion become less formidable and easier to remove. But so long as the unconscious element of social conflict remains unresolved religion is at the mercy of the blind forces of hatred and suspicion which may assume really pathological forms.

If you think that this is an exaggeration you have only to look back at the past and consider the history of the Gordon Riots or the Popish Plot. Even more striking, perhaps, is the history of the Puritan revolution, for there we are dealing not with an ignorant mob but with men of high position and ideals who were the representatives of the English nation in one of the great crises of its history. Yet they declared in a most solemn manner that the Episcopalian policy was part of a gigantic conspiracy between the Jesuits, the Armenians and the Libertines or infidel party to destroy the Protestant religion. If an individual propounded a theory like this, we should say he was mad, but Parliament could do so and get away with it so well that they have been regarded by future generations as enlightened champions of the cause of religious liberty.

HENCE the first and greatest step towards unity is an internal and spiritual one: the purging of the mind from the lower motives that may contaminate our faith. In other words the chief obstacle to reunion is a moral one, for in the vast majority of cases the sin of schism does not arise from a conscious intention to separate oneself from the true Church but from allowing the mind to become so occupied and clouded by instinctive enmities that we can



no longer see the spiritual issues.

It is easy enough to see, in the fifteenth century for example, how vested interests and material motives caused the leaders both of Church and State to oppose necessary reforms, but it is no less evident that the passion of revolt that drove a great religious leader like Martin Luther into schism and heresy was not purely religious in origin, but was the outcome of a spiritual conflict in which religious and non-religious motives were hopelessly confused, so that if Luther had not been such a "psychic" man, to use the word in St. Paul's sense as well as the modern one, he would have been able to judge the deep things of God as a spiritual man: he would still have been a reformer without becoming an heresiarch.

WHEN we turn to the Reformation the influence of the non-religious factors in the schism is so obvious that there is no need to insist on it. It was to a great extent a movement of the state against the Church and the driving force behind it was the awakening of national consciousness and the self-assertion of national culture. Hence the religious issue became so identified with the national cause that Catholicism became the representative of all the forces that were hostile to nationality and every Catholic was regarded as a bad Englishman and a disloyal subject. To the average Englishman the typical Catholic was not Thomas More but Guy Fawkes and the celebration of the Gunpowder treason became a kind of primitive, ritual expression of the popular detestation of the hereditary enemy of the tribe.

This identification of religion and nationality endured for more than two hundred years and even today it remains as a subconscious prejudice at the back of men's minds. But it has inevitably tended to diminish with the growth of modern secular civilization. There is no longer any need for nationalism or class feeling or economic motives to disguise them-

selves in the dress of religion, for they have become the conscious and dominant forces in social life. The ideologies that today form the opposite poles of social tension are not religious, but political, national and economic ones that have cut across and largely obliterated the older socio-religious divisions that separated Catholic and Protestant Europe.

HENCE it seems to me that the present is more favorable to the cause of reunion than any time since the Middle Ages. For if Christianity becomes a minority religion, if it is threatened by hostility and persecution, then the common cause of Christianity becomes a reality and not merely a phrase, and there is a centre round which the scattered forces of Christendom can rally and reorganize. We must remember that behind the natural process of social conflict and tension which runs through history, there is a deeper law of spiritual duality and polarization which is expressed in the teaching of the Gospel on the opposition of the World and the Kingdom of God, and in St. Augustine's doctrine of the two cities Babylon and Jerusalem whose conflict runs through all history and gives it its ultimate significance. When Christians allow the conflicts and divisions of the natural man to transgress their bounds and permeate the religious sphere, the cause of God becomes obscured by doubts, and divisions and schisms and heresies arise. But when the Church is faithful to its mission, it becomes the visible embodiment of this positive divine principle standing over against the eternal negative of evil and disorder.

I believe that the age of schism is passing and that the time has come when the divine principle of the Church's life will assert its attractive power drawing all the living elements of Christian life and thought into organic unity. For since Christ is the Head of the Church and the Holy Spirit is the Life of the Church, wherever there is faith in Christ or the Spirit of Christ there is the spirit of unity and the means of reunion. Therefore it is not necessary to talk much about the ways and means for the ways of the spirit are essentially mysterious and transcend human understanding. It may even be that the very strength of the forces that are gathering against the Church and against religion will make for unity by forcing Christians together, as it were, in spite of themselves; or it may be that the Church will react positively to the situation by fresh outpouring of the apostolic spirit, as St. Grignon de Montfort prophesied two centuries ago.

Nationalism and Human Rights

It Is Only Upon the Guarantees of Human Liberty As Defined By the Law of God That Collective Security Can Make Headway and Democracy Survive

By JAMES A. MAGNER

Illustrated by WILLIAM SMITH

OF WORLD forces which hold economic and social peace in the balance, none has been giving more constant worry to international observers than that of nationalism. A variety of reasons may be assigned to this development, many of them originating in post-war settlements, others representing a phase of historic evolution that has been going on for at least a century. The loudest alarm, however, is proceeding from certain sectors of international sentiment, both in the intellectual and labor fronts; and it is from these directions, particularly in the name of collective security and democracy, that the whole question of a world society is going to be threshed out.

There can be no doubt that, as a tendency to unite the social, cultural and economic interests of adjacent regions and related peoples, nationalism has resulted in a profound enlargement of human relationships. It has hastened the process of uniformity in language, means of exchange and government, making for large-scale interdependence and peaceful solutions, as evidenced on an unprecedented basis in the United States of America.

Failure to meet the problems of regionalism on a satisfactory basis has been and still is responsible for a great deal of world unrest. One of the important issues in the present Spanish conflict has been precisely this, so that the war has assumed, even within the peninsula, something of an international conflict—with the Basques in the north, the Catalonians in the northeast, the so-called "Loyalist" government at Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona, and the "Nationalist" reaction on all fronts under

the leadership of General Franco.

In a large measure, the division of South America into various independent governments instead of one united federation of states can be traced back to the regional differences of the Spanish colonists who planted themselves or were sent to the various quarters of that continent.

Contemporary with the levelling of regional differences and hostilities, however, the growth of nationalism has also meant the creation of large bodies of patriotic hostility, and, where regional welding has not resulted in economic self-sufficiency, the old problems have recurred on a more formidable basis. Much of the unrest in Europe today reduces itself to the struggle of nations to maintain or develop a complete economic cycle, from raw materials to industrialization and thence to a consuming pub-

lic. Since the inevitable movement of wealth seems to be towards concentration in the hands of a few, the governments of the world, as Pope Pius XI has shrewdly observed in his Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, become the pawn of private interests, which automatically proceed to mask their selfishness behind various forms of nationalism.

This, coupled with economic desperation, has been largely responsible for the rise of National Socialism under Hitler in Germany and of Fascism under Mussolini in Italy, but it is by no means confined to these countries. The phenomenon called Fascism today by various blends and brands of anti-Fascists, is in reality nothing more than a front for the preservation or untrammelled development of capitalism with governmental or military approval, as the case may be. A readiness to see Communism on every side undoubtedly reveals the spirit of entrenched privilege which is opposed to all social evolution and economic change. Anti-Fascism, on the other hand, ranges all the way from decrying the abuses of capitalism and of strong central government to opposition against the capitalist system itself and hope for a proletarian dictatorship.

The Liberalism of the nineteenth century, with its principles of unlimited competition and government subsidies to large private concerns, was undoubtedly responsible for economic Fascism long before this term came into use. When economic ambitions overstepped national boundaries and began to form colonial empires or to control the resources and markets of other territories, it became known by the odious term of



aggressive imperialism.

Spain, Portugal, Holland and England led the way through enterprises in which private and governmental interest were closely linked shortly after the discovery of America and the finding of new trade routes to the Far East. France and Germany followed in the partition of Africa, until the World War deprived Germany of the colonies which it has been seeking to regain ever since. Even the United States, with its early sense of destiny and its rapid march across the continent, cannot be entirely exonerated from imperialistic policies. Until recent date, the Monroe Doctrine and the activities of American interests and marines in Latin American waters have created a tension and anti-imperialistic reaction among our neighbors to the south that only the most strenuous assurances have served

to weaken or dispel. When Italy decided to walk into Ethiopia—whatever the ultimate judgment on that action may be—it was following a policy of nationalistic expansion under a cultural and economic front, for which there was much precedent.

From the standpoint of natural liberties, an excessive or misplaced nationalism offers even greater practical dangers to peace in the cultural order. Under the slogan of national discipline and through the device of declaring national emergencies, governments can easily assume all authority, as though rights had no origin or franchise unless declared by the state. The amazing thing in this program is that in many instances it finds its strongest support in those advocates of democracy who would place all private enterprise under governmental control and reduce all cultural development to state supervision. The charge of civil absolutism has been levelled principally against the despots of the eighteenth century who claimed "the divine right of kings" and declared, like Louis XIV, "I am the state." But individual or collective enterprise can be regimented quite as effectively in a state which arrogates to itself the privileges of a proletarian dictatorship—as in a completely Fascist State or a monarchical organism.



This is particularly true where religion is reduced to impotence and its educational functions denied existence. There is a growing sentiment among certain classes of social thinkers to the effect that organized religion represents a constant reaction against human progress and liberty, particularly in the order of the emancipation of the underprivileged masses. Undoubtedly there are historic evidences that individuals identified with religion have lost their sense of social duty, but by far and large the contrary is true. In fact the principles of Almighty God as the Author of natural rights and of the moral life as preached by authentic religion constitute the surest bulwark of genuine democracy against the autocratic state.

Recent events in atheistic Russia have shown to more discerning minds that the state very definitely needs independent moral checks, if human liberties are to be preserved and justice served. State monopoly of education and the attack on independent religion as a public force in Germany are likewise of grave concern. But these facts are merely indicative of what is going on, with wide approval, in many countries. If in Russia the deification of Lenin has taken the place of divine worship, and if in Germany there is a movement to

revive the cult of the ancient Teutonic gods, it is equally significant that religious education is banned by order of the constitution both in "Loyalist" Spain and Revolutionary Mexico. To Western minds the cult of the Japanese emperor as a descendant of the sun goddess may seem incomprehensible, but something of the same order takes place wherever culture is placed on a sheerly national basis.

In the name of human progress, many liberal spirits in the United States are beginning to advocate the elimination of religious education and to hint, as H. G. Wells did for the English Church, at the confiscation or nationalization of all Church properties, be they schools, hospitals, orphanages, churches or endowments.

Another related form of national cult resulting in the persecution of minorities or religious faiths is the familiar purge of alien elements. Citizens of this country remember with indignation those movements of self-styled "100 per cent Americans" who set out in the past to exterminate or expel Catholics, Jews, Negroes, and the foreign born, as dangerous to national purity and civic virtue. The same thing is taking place in the purge of Jewish elements from Nazi Germany. Socialist Mexico has borrowed the same principle, expelling from the country members of the Catholic hierarchy and laity.

No nation or state can afford to disregard the clear voice of history and plunge into these forms of despotism if it means to work sincerely for human progress. And no group of citizens can lend itself to such movements, if it is sincere in its championship of righteous human liberty.

International sentiment working for a larger and more secure world peace, founded in justice to the masses of the people, cannot be too much on its guard against any social outlook that would destroy the effectiveness of religious culture or put into the hands of any state the supreme and exclusive power of determining man's rights and duties. It is only upon the guarantees of human liberty as defined by the law of God that democracy can survive.

The Symbol Of Christianity

The Cross Is Not Only a Sign of Our Faith and a Reminder of Christ's Death. It Is Also a Realistic Symbol of Our Lives As Christians

By GERARD ROONEY, C.P.

THE CROSS is familiar to every Christian. But like so many other things that are familiar, its meaning often remains unknown. That is, we fail to grasp the stark realism of the symbol unless some personal catastrophe suddenly swoops down upon us, throws us upon the cross and brutally crucifies us. This hard, direct contact with the reality of the cross painfully teaches us the meaning of the symbol.

Besides this bitter personal experience, there is another way of grasping the meaning of the Cross. It is less vivid, less impressive, but for all that, it will be a reminder that our Blessed Lord wasn't saying sweet nothings when He told us that to follow Him we must take up our cross. This other way is merely going back over a little history. History is an eloquent commentary on Christ's own words, "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me."

It was back at Caesarea Philippi that men first received the symbol of their lives. Our Blessed Lord had been with His apostles two years. Two years of sublime instruction—but also two years of weary, patient training, for ordinarily grace works through nature slowly, effecting the gradual transformation of human personality like yeast slowly leavening the dough. Now at long last they were led to recognize the Messiah, the Son of the Living God!

Now comes a further initiation. Another and most important step in their training must be made. They must be initiated into the mystery of the Cross. They had come to accept our Blessed Lord as the promised Messiah, but in their imagination our Blessed Lord was still the Messiah of their dreams, and not the Messiah He really was. Like their countrymen, they too dreamed of a Messiah who would be a world-conquering warrior, flinging forth his armies to the ends of the earth, establishing his people in might and majesty over all nations. Of the grandeur and glory of the supernatural life, of the life of grace on earth and glory in heaven, they knew

as yet but little. And so the time was finally come when our Blessed Lord,

"Began to teach them
That the Son of Man must
suffer many things,
And be rejected by the Ancients,
And by the Highpriests,
And by the Scribes,
And be killed:
And after three days rise again."

Peter in horror, impetuously objects—he won't hear of it. And because he judged with worldly wisdom, because he renewed the wily temptation of Satan in the desert, Our Lord rebuked him sternly:

"Get thee behind Me, Satan,
Because thou savourest not
Of the things that are of God,
But that are of men."

AND OUR Lord, "calling the multitude together with His disciples. He said to them. . . ." And here we have it. Not by bread alone does man live. His mind, his very soul must feed on truth. And history shows the leaders of every age have been quick to manufacture standards and symbols, clichés and catchwords, mottos and slogans; and all those frozen ideas were calculated to feed the mind of man and drive him along a certain line of action. So be it. The Eternal Word, the Way, the Truth and the Life, has come to give Himself to humanity, to be our Life. And being a crucified Word He will give Himself to us under a certain fearful symbol. He will solemnly promulgate a realistic symbol to humanity, for all times for all classes, for all places. Every man, woman and child, from now on, will have . . . a symbol, a vital symbol of life—the symbol of the Cross.

"Then calling the multitude
Together with His disciples,
He said to them:
*If any man will follow Me,
Let him deny himself,
Take up his cross
And follow Me.*
For whosoever will save his life
Shall lose it.
And whosoever shall lose his life

For My sake and the Gospel
Shall save it.
For what doth it profit a man
If he gain the whole world,
And suffer the loss of His soul?"

Now the trouble with symbols is that with the lapse of time they become mere conventions—dead symbols. The cross and chain that graces the neck of a pagan debutante is an example. Or if the symbol doesn't become purely ornamental, at least it tends to lose its vitality. Many contemporary Christians are reminded by the cross of the "dear dead Christ." They never look upon the cross as a realistic symbol of their own lives. Bargain-Christians expect God to excuse them from taking up the cross because they have said some extra prayers or because they "live a good life." (And they forget what Mary and the Apostles and the Saints had to bear.) Milk-and-water Christians are filled with sentiment and romance as the beautiful soprano "kisses the cross" of *My Rosary*. But they ride home quite easily from the concert via the luxurious route of pagan vice.

But there was nothing wishy-washy, nothing conventional about this symbol when it was first promulgated. To say that this first sermon on the Cross startled the audience would be putting it mildly. That multitude was either horror-stricken, or laughed at Christ as a madman. The disciples, having just heard Our Lord foretell His own sufferings, were at least a bit prepared for it.

BUT that Jewish multitude in whom was concentrated the national hope that when Christ would appear, paradise would straightway be established on earth, with grandeur and glory, pleasure and delights awaiting the followers of the Messiah. . . ! To deny them this hope was itself sufficient to shock their imagination. But that shock was sharply intensified by another important feature of this strange sermon. The figure of speech used by Christ leaped forth from the living reality and seared itself into their consciousness.

The Cross! Those were the days

when the "cream of society" enjoyed most delicate luxuries, which some people call pagan refinement; but they were also the days when underdogs were treated worse than dogs, which we know as pagan brutality. For hard and brutal times they were. The punishment of crucifixion, with the unhappy criminal carrying his cross to the place of his torment, was not uncommon. The Jewish historian Josephus records that when Titus besieged and captured Jerusalem, he crucified so many Jews outside the city walls that the Roman soldiers ran out of wood, as well as space in which to set them up. But that was a generation after Christ's death. Burned in the memory of this present generation was the flagrant decree of Quintilius Varus, Governor of Syria, who shortly after the birth of Our Lord, ordered two thousand rebels to be nailed alive to their crosses! Forests of crucified humanity are not easily forgotten.

Crucifixion was a punishment so grossly humiliating that proud Rome would not hear of it being inflicted upon even her most rebellious sons. It was, in the words of Cicero, "the punishment of slaves" (who were not then esteemed as men); and again, he remarks that nailing to the cross was the "final and most terrible punishment" a slave could be given. And when we consider the procedure of this execution, the public scourging preceding it, the public procession in which the criminal carried his cross, the arrival at the scene, being stripped naked, tied to an up-lifted gibbet with ropes and then nailed alive, to be left writhing in torture before the world, until finally delivered by a merciful death; when we consider all this, we can well imagine that the Cross, which Christ presented to His followers as the symbol of their lives, was calculated to crush forever any sympathetic response He might have hoped to win, had He not added those saving words, "And follow Me."

The Symbol of the Cross was given



Christ Bearing the Cross, by Titian

the human race by God Himself. And the circumstances surrounding its promulgation made it burn into the consciousness of the living Church. When the followers of Christ saw their Master, scourged and mocked and spit upon, when they beheld Him making the first Way of the Cross, covered with sweat and blood, when they beheld His tortured Body silhouetted on the horizon as He hung in agony between heaven and earth, then they had a flashing glimpse into the reality of the Cross, though as yet they had much to learn about its mystery. As for the mystery of the Cross, it was only after Christ had arisen, and the Holy Ghost had enlightened them as to their new life of grace in Christ, that they came to understand it.

Then they were enabled to go forth preaching Jesus Crucified, and glorying that they were permitted to suffer contumely, even martyrdom for His sake. For now they had a lively appreciation of the sublime truth that in Christ they possessed the fullness of eternal life—a new, rich, divine life, in comparison with which, all things else, as St. Paul remarked, are as refuse.

Our Blessed Mother and the Apostles were the first to follow Christ. They were the first to take up the cross. And they were the first to know what taking up the cross meant. "Taking up the Cross" was no idle symbol for Mary as she stood beneath the Cross to watch her Son and her God die! "Taking up the

Cross" was no empty superstition to the Apostles as one by one they were brutally killed for preaching Christ! And most definitely the symbol of Christianity was no mere convention for the ardent warrior of the Cross, St. Paul.

Further commentary is useless on the painful realism of the cross in the life of such a man. With reverent silence we listen to him when he tells us, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ; by Whom the world is crucified to me,

and I to the world." (Galatians 6:14)

"In many more labors,
In prisons more frequently,
In stripes above measure,
In death often.

Of the Jews, five times,
Did I receive forty stripes, save one.

Thrice was I beaten with rods,
Once was I stoned,
Thrice I suffered shipwreck,
A night and a day
I was in the depths of the sea.

In journeyings often,
In perils of waters,
In perils of robbers,
In perils from my own nation,
In perils from the Gentiles,
In perils in the city,
In perils in the wilderness,
In perils from false brethren.

In labor and painfulness,
In watchings,
In hunger and thirst,
In fastings often,
In cold and nakedness . . ."

As the Apostles learned from Christ, so the early Church learned from the Apostles what it meant to "take up the Cross." Daily experience emphasized the reality of the Cross. First hundreds, then thousands, then millions of Christians went to death as they strove to follow Christ. The fire and sword, the wild beasts, the mangling racks of ruthless Rome for three agonizing centuries taught the Catholic Church

what "taking up the cross" meant. It was not merely because the Cross reminded the early Christians of Christ, that the pagans could sarcastically remark, "The Christians deserve to get the Cross which they adore." It wasn't simply the fact that Christians honored the Cross on which their Saviour died that Tertullian could vigorously say, "We Christians wear out our foreheads with the sign of the Cross." Nor was it merely to point out the universal redemption effected by Christ that Ireneaus, first theologian of the Church, observed that "Christ, by dying, has traced the sign of the Cross on all things."

True indeed, the Cross was the symbol of the Saviour's death. And scarcely had the Church emerged from the catacombs than she marked the sign of the Cross everywhere. St. John Chrysostom reminds us, "Kings removing their diadems, take up the cross, the symbol of their Saviour; on the purple, the cross; in their prayers, the cross; on their armor the cross; on the holy table, the cross; throughout the universe, the cross. The cross shines brighter than the sun." But it was more than a symbol of Christ's death. It was a symbol of each of their lives. It was not only a symbol of the price of our redemption; it was also a fearful reminder of the pain and anguish, the denial and loss that come into the life of everyone who tries faithfully to follow in the footsteps of Christ.

Christ suffered and left us an example. The Apostles took up that example and held it aloft before the Church. Ever since then the Cross has accompanied the Church wherever she goes. For three centuries in the Roman Empire she was nourished with the copious blood of Martyrs. And scarcely had she emerged from the Catacombs to enjoy a brief period of tranquility, than the Arian heresy burst forth in her midst. For a hundred and fifty years she was to learn that persecution by heretics from within could be worse than slaughter by infidels from without.

WITH the disappearance of the Arian cancer, came the devouring flame of Islam. Wearily did she enter upon the long night of the "Dark Ages" and only by tremendous toil did she finally make them the "Ages of Dawn." A brief respite came in the later middle ages, but it was only a consoling rest, like Christ meeting the women of Jerusalem on the way to Calvary. In rapid succession came the Black Death, the Pagan Renaissance, the final stage of the Eastern Schism, the Babylo-

nian Captivity, the Western Schism and the Protestant Revolt. Then were to follow the bitter years of the Religious Wars, the intellectual apostasy of modern "Rationalism," the French Revolution, and the rise of "Liberalism," Freemasonry and modern Secularism that followed in its wake.

NOR is its end in sight. As a long epoch in world history comes to a close, the Church is seen today bowed down, bleeding under the oppressive weight of the Cross, as her children in Russia, Spain, Germany and Mexico groan from the wounds inflicted by those who hate Christ, to say nothing of the more subtle oppression she sustains in other countries where her members are oppressed by economic slavery and intellectual error.

As with Christ then, so with the Church, for since Christ lives in the Church, in every single member of His Church, therefore in a sense, the Church is Christ. St. Paul again and again refers to the whole collective body of Christians as "Christ," and St. Augustine observes that "the whole Christ is formed by the Church united to its Head, which is Christ; the Head has suffered all He has to suffer. It remains for the members to bear in turn their share of sorrow, if they wish to be worthy of the Head."

This does not mean that the life of a Christian is an endless pursuit of gloom. Christianity is not a mad cult of pain for pain's sake. The fundamental truth of our Faith is that we live a divine life in Christ. We *live* with Christ. With the Christ who was glorified on Tabor. Who arose glorious from the dead and sits at the right hand of the Father. The Christ who attended weddings and banquets when He was on earth and therefore sanctified the innocent pleasures, the laughter and song of the children of men. But also the same Christ Who walked the path of righteousness even when the world opposed Him, when His friends deserted Him and His own Apostle betrayed Him; when His country condemned Him and crucified Him.

The individual follower of Christ lives with Christ. He shares with Christ his laughter, joy and gladness, for whether he eats or drinks, or plays or works he does it with Christ. And he also therefore shares with Christ sorrow, pain and sadness, for Christ went to glory by way of Calvary.

The life of the individual Christian, just as the life of the Church, is a re-living of the life of Christ. It was only after the Way of the

Cross, only after Calvary, that Christ entered into His glory. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and so to enter into His glory?" the Master said to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, and in this as in other things the disciple is not above the Master. It is only through many and great trials and tribulations that we can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

And as the Church suffers always from without by those who hate her ("If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated Me before you"), and from within by rebellious members, so also the individual Christian must suffer, sometimes from without and sometimes from within.

The standards of the world are not the same as those of Christ. "If you had been of the world," Our Lord told His Apostles, "the world would love its own: but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." The persecution from without may be the petty annoyance of a worldly-wise friend who sneers at us when we follow conscience, or it may be the social ostracism or economic boycott the Catholic lawyer, doctor, nurse, artist or business man faces as he tries to follow Christ. It may even be the brutal thrust of the atheist's bayonet which deprives us of life itself.

A GAIN, from within, we may have the troublesome trials of conscience—the vague disquiet of spiritual disorder, the burden of an overanxious temperament, a hasty temper, a neurotic tendency. Within and without, from all sides we find the Cross. Sometimes its burden is light, sometimes heavy and seemingly unbearable. But heavy or light, oppressive or unnoticed, the Christian who faithfully tries to follow Christ must take up his Cross. The main thing is "to follow Christ." If the Cross presents itself on the way, the true Christian accepts it as a matter of course.

The Cross is a sign recognized throughout the world. It symbolizes Christ and it marks the Christian who follows Christ. It is the most common sign of our Faith, coming down to us from earliest times. In the vigorous speech of Tertullian, "We Christians wear out our foreheads with the sign of the Cross." But as we use it daily, let us remember that it is not only a symbol of our Faith, not merely a reminder of our Saviour's death but a very realistic symbol of our own lives. For Christ Himself said, "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me."

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JOACHIM BECKES, C.P., WUKI, NUBAN

Gold Rush at Liulincha

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

I HAVE often been to the home of Aloysius King to offer the Holy Sacrifice there so that the Catholics of the little Gold Mine Village might have an opportunity to attend Mass and frequent the Sacraments. My talks there have been reminders to the good people that they should make sure to lay up treasures also in heaven and should mine heavenly gold while they may. Today a boy who was formerly in our orphanage at Yüanling came in from the new gold mines at Ta Wan Li. While he was in my office we got to talking of gold mining, the customs of the miners, and the treatment of the ore. I believe I should now fulfill an old promise that I made to give the readers of *THE SIGN* further information on these activities.

First of all, before any mining can be done, a good deal of capital must be gotten together. This is provided for by shares. The share holders are called *Kwan Si*. Work is begun by hiring what are called *K'oo Pan*—miners. These men, of course, have no share in whatever gold is extracted from the quartz. Instead they are fed by the proprietor and given a very poor wage, little more than that of an ordinary laborer. This is about thirty cents a day, when there is little ore mined, and about a dollar when the rush is on. However, these of the *K'oo*

Pan usually turn into red miners or *Hung Pan* type when much gold is mined, that is they work not for pay but for the privilege of taking out, after twenty-four steady hours of work, about seven pounds of quartz. If they attempt to bring out more than that amount their load is scooped down to seven pounds by an official of the mining company.

Naturally most of these *Hung Pan* miners are the original *K'oo Pan* men who have come to know just where the gold is more likely to be found. They enter in shifts of twenty-four hours each. Ordinarily the mining here is almost of a surface type. But about five miles inland the mountains are quite steep. It was in this neighboring district that in July of this year a rush began. Quartz which at first looked very poor (according to Simon it was covered with a red dirt), upon being milled was found to be very rich in gold. In no time merchants became miners and school teachers from other Missions quit their jobs. Upon my return from a short stay at a neighboring town I found that my catechist, who was also the school principal, had lost interest in his work. He begged me to allow him to go into the mining business where, as a gold buyer and seller, he could make a pile of money and

better support his growing family of three sons and a daughter! Is it any wonder that my old promise of writing about the gold mines came back to me? For you see, this development has forced me to chant another jeremiad. I must lament the sudden changing of all my plans for the progress of the Mission here, in that I must look to other hands to help and put my trust in God and not too much in men!

THE mining is a dangerous work as the entrances are so narrow and the passageways so low that one must crawl in on one's stomach. Even when doing the mining the men cannot stand erect but must, in Chinese coolie fashion, sort of sit on their heels. A lighted torch of vegetable oil on a rod container is either placed on a ledge or else held in the mouth while the miner chisels away at the hard rock. Twenty-four steady hours of such work with only time off for eating is no easy job. Many come to my dispensary with complaints of the hardships of such mining. The dampness is distressing. Since no machinery is used, the pumping off of the water is done in a very primitive fashion with bamboo suction pumps, which are too inadequate for the situation, particularly when it rains.



Hunger haunts the young and old among the refugees. Thousands of such victims are being fed and clothed by our priests and Sisters in Hunan.

Please send your mite to: The Hunan Relief Fund—THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Any amount will be of some help in this crisis.

AUTHENTICATED NEWS



The present site of the gold rush is called Ta Wan Li and Chueh Family Mountain. The mountain has been bored from numerous openings and sometimes brother meets brother in a death struggle for what may be nuggets or at least very rich quartz. I am told that the mountain, these past few months, has been practically hollowed out. There is great danger of cave-ins since the supporting framework of wood is not at all safe. Yet daily our young Catholic lads enter the mines in the hope of getting rich quickly. Simon and I agreed that our lads have an additional motive, because of the danger of their work, to keep in the state of grace. Recently there have been accidents. Like all gold rush days, there are many fights while the men are at work and after they come out. The temptations and dangers to the morals of these lads, and the reckless gambling and other uses of their hard-earned money is better left to your imaginations.

Simon noticed on my desk my playful little kitten. Only a few days ago my school boys urged me to give it a name. As the only cat with a name that I can recall was an old one which we once had in Hankow, I told Simon that "Sonya" would be its name. "Well," said Simon, "if you may like to know, such as Sonya wouldn't be allowed in the mines. We are forbidden to strike or torment the many rats in the long, narrow passages there. This, no doubt, is a sort of superstition."

He also told me that one is not allowed by custom to say that as the

sun sets "It is growing black or dark." One may say, "Evening is approaching." Mention of the color black must be avoided; it is taboo. Only pleasing colors, such as red, should be mentioned. This was enlightening, for without a doubt while I visited the gold mines I must have used an ordinary Chinese expression about it growing dark as evening approached.

THE quartz from the mines is sold to the highest bidder. The buyer must chance a loss or a gain, for even trained onlookers find it very difficult to tell good quartz. The good quartz is crushed with hard stone, but usually the ore is milled in water-driven paddle mills. It is crushed into a wet mass and then washed over what look like washing boards. The heavier metals lie in the grooves, while the dirt is washed away. Then from the grooves the metals are gathered and washed in wooden, curved basins to remove more of the clay or dirt. Finally the valuable deposit is placed in a bowl and boiled dry of all water content. A magnet is used to draw off the iron; the remainder is the milled gold. It is carefully guarded.

Due to the present gold rush, everything in this little town is sky-high in price. Charcoal sells for what is called Hankow prices, more than four times as expensive as last year's price. Firewood pickers are scarce, so that what used to be ten cents worth of firewood now sells for forty. You can guess from this the prices of meat and vegetables and salt which are getting dearer anyway by reason of

the "Incident" (the Japanese War) as it is called, of the Far East. But in this little gold rush town, cut off from all outside contacts with the country generally, war is scarcely ever mentioned. The word on every tongue is, "Did you make a fortune? My! you surely found a gold brick!"

And so daily others, like Simon, come along to tell of getting rich quick. The only unfortunate thing is that money so quickly earned is also very easily spent. In spite of the material blessings that have come to Willow Grove Point and vicinity I believe that, following their native bent, the merchant or school teacher or catechist will, after the balmy days of the gold rush are over, be looking around again for the leisure the ordinary professions of teacher or catechist or merchant offer. And so my jeremiad ends.

I must not forget to add that even though some of my help have been taken in by the gold rush and are not in the employ of the Mission at present, they continue with what time is left them to do all they can for the Mission without remuneration. They feel the obligation of helping, since they were granted their leave before substitutes could be had. In these days when one must, more than ever, count one's pennies, the loss of some of the personnel has reduced expenses. With old Monica, now nearly sixty, helping in the Mission work as never before, I can't say that we feel too much the slowing up of our plans for the growth of this promising Church at Liulinchu.

Recent Letters

IN SEARCH OF TRUTH

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

I AM forwarding a letter which I received some time ago from a student of the Mongolian and Tibetan School of the Central Political Institute. This school was located here in Chihkiang for six months and I became acquainted with a number of the professors and students. Every Sunday evening a number of them—sometimes as many as twenty—came to the Mission and I gave them lectures. I allowed them to choose the subjects. We gave them, at their request, "The Bible," "Relation Between Church and State," "Organization of the Catholic Church" and kindred subjects. As you see from this student's letter, the lecture on "Medieval Philosophy of the Church" was not given. The school moved to the province of Szechuan, and now the student writes of his interest.

This letter, to my mind, shows a deep groping for truth among the intellectual student group in China. What a pity that the only Catholic universities in China are now located in Japanese-occupied territory. The Catholic Church must meet this "challenge of modern Chinese youth" somehow, or else live to see the day when false systems of philosophy will guide the destinies of a rejuvenated China.

We expect to get bombed any day now. Do keep us all in your prayers. I give the letter in the boy's original English.

My dear Preacher:

Having not seen you for a long time, I wish you to be as happy as usual. I am often in remembrance of you because I did not shake hands with you as I left Chihkiang. Did you receive my card from watchman in your church? And now I should thank you by this letter, for your very kind instruction on the ideal of the Catholic Church, but meantime I am very sorry for I have missed to learn "The Church Philosophy in Medieval Europe" which you promised to explain to me. And now I entreat your instruction by these importunate letters—that you teach me afterwards.

I should like to report to you about my travel and new habitation: Since we missed your church and parted from Chihkiang, we spent more than half a month. We arrived at the end

of our journey in Chunking and we housed in a country which was situated in a solitude spot. Here are neither the neon lighted shops, the attractive sign books, the furnitures, the motor cars, the theatres, the playhouses, the mass clubs, and so forth; nor is there all hustle and wickedness, all drunken scenes at all hours of night and day. The country itself is a natural. Only nature. All the sights which she has inspire and feed me. The wonderful of her sights excites in me an attention to my study and plans a glorious future to my nation. The wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul and as these sweet mornings, which I enjoy with my whole heart, feed the charm of existence in this spot. I am so happy, my dear preacher, so absorbed in the exquisite sense of mere tranquil existence. I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke of her beauty and only I feel that I am never a greater artist than now. I have formed as many and intense natural attachments as any of your church members can have done with Holy Church. Henceforth, I firmly believe that I must try my best to study for the future to make a salvation for my brethren and my fatherland.

Hoping you will teach me by letters with regard to the Church Philosophy, I am

Your sincerest friend,

Te Tse Gan

EXPECTING AIR RAIDS

By MOST REV. CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

WE NOW have almost five hundred refugees that we are caring for. The small temporary hospital of thirty beds is at long last beginning to operate here. We have a capable Chinese doctor, three nurses, a trained male nurse, etc. Patients are actually in residence. So we are ready for a bombing. The doctor and nurses for Chihkiang are here in Yüanling and we are trying to arrange to get them to their destination. Traffic is so heavy on the one bus line that it is next to impossible to buy tickets. However, we took the opportunity of the passage through Yüanling of the British Ambassador to get our doctor to Chihkiang to lend a hand in the dressing of some of the wounded carried to

the Mission hospital there after their first big bombing.

Every nook and corner of the city is crowded to the doors: soldiers and refugees. Since the burning of Changsha and the bombings of Changteh, refugees have been arriving by the thousands. We have the seminary moved into the rectory and the Sisters have taken over the seminary building. This gives more room for refugees. Besides, in case of necessity, the Sisters will have a refuge within the city walls. The dispensaries are continuing to tend to hundreds daily—mostly wounded and sick soldiers.

We have frequent air-raid alarms. Sirens scream, church bells ring and copper gongs sound through the streets. At the first signal everything is dropped and the people flock out through the city gates into the country. At these times our compounds are deserted with the exception of the missionaries and a few of the bolder boys. These alarms last from one to three hours. One day we had three, the final one being at midnight. You can see how such a campaign brings normal life to a standstill. Everything is simply paralyzed. Yüanling has yet to have its baptism; we wait for it daily.

CHOLERA AND REFUGEES

By the SISTERS OF CHARITY

WE REALIZE that many of our friends must be wondering why we have written so little during the past few months, and why we have not even mentioned our school project. If the readers of THE SIGN could have looked in on us at any time during the past six months, I am sure they would marvel that we have enough leisure to send even this note.

All summer long we have had "shipments" of refugees. There were days when more than six hundred treatments were given in the dispensary alone, besides all the work outside among the poor people and the soldiers passing through to the front. There were weeks when seven Sisters were on street work. We had fourteen (including Sisters) engaged just in the dispensary work! They were hectic days but, thank God, we were able to give relief, through the kindness and generosity of our good Bishop, to a great many.

Even were we to eliminate the refugee work, we would have been kept busy with the cholera and dysentery cases among the people. And we haven't seen the end yet. Hundreds are daily at our dispensary door for treatment. The poor, homeless people are getting to look more wretched every day. I suppose they are now coming to the end of what little savings they brought along with them. Some have already lost their minds. Speaking of miracles, Father Paul is the idol of the people in the *lan-min* (South Gate) Camp. The

Fathers tell us he is with the refugees all day and sometimes part of the night. The people marvel at his endurance. He always manages to have a few minutes for everyone. There are over three hundred now under his care.

Last Saturday a fire broke out not far from us. We were a bit shaky for awhile, when the burning embers were carried by the wind right into our compound. Good Father Linus was on the scene shortly after the fire broke out (four-thirty in the morning). The children and Sisters

formed a bucket brigade, pouring water all over the dry wood exterior. Sunday noon the bus station across the river went up in flames. A bright man tried to fill a gasoline tank while puffing away at his lighted cigarette. Needless to say he will not be seen on this earth any more! But only one life was lost. Twenty buses were in the station at the time but they were rushed to safety. We are getting very much modernized, are we not? Never before did we have so many fires nearby. Fire is a terrible monster. May our Lord preserve us from it!

Observations in Hunan

By MICHAEL A. CAMPBELL, C.P.

THE Yungshun school boys were missing a number of sticks of ink. No one could locate them. There were no mice around. Anyhow, I doubt whether mice like ink! After some vigilant watching it was discovered that our big dog was stealing the Chinese ink sticks and eating them.

One dead giveaway of all opium smokers is the color of their teeth. They are heavily coated with black, especially around the gums.

Foreign matches have become so common in China that only in the more remote places does one find the people using the flint and steel. Sometimes we see people coming in from the country with a little case hanging from their belt. In it they have flint, steel and paper in rolls as thick as a pencil.

The Chinese light their water pipes from these rolls of paper. The roll has a hole running through the center. First the paper roll is lighted from a match or from a fire. Once lighted, it will keep smoldering. To bring it to a flame they give a little spit of breath at it, and the flame immediately appears at the top. When they have finished with the flame they give it a light blow of breath. The flame disappears, but the roll continues smoldering as before.

For a newcomer it is a strange sight to see store-keepers come out at 5 P. M., unlock their signs from the wall and carry them in.

Our Chinese Christians of the

country missions in Hunan are so much like the Irish that in a very short time the new missionary feels at home. When we arrive at the out-mission towards the late afternoon, we find the womenfolk sitting outside the door taking care of their babies and at the same time making shoes from cloth or doing some light sewing. As soon as we are in sight they begin to smile. As we draw closer, one by one or in groups they begin to call—asking how we are or telling us how early we have come. We feel right at home for we can see that we are welcome. Everyone wants us to sit down and rest for a while. We are invited to come in and take a cup of tea. "Call the priest, call the priest," we hear some of the mothers saying to their tots who have just begun to talk. These people have faith. Leading simple lives, they come close to God in their daily duties. They have a great respect for the priesthood. Though their worries are many and great, they bear them joyfully.

One night before the evening Stations on Friday, Gemma of Wuki stepped up to me and said, "Father, after Holy Communion I always thank God that I am a Christian. You know that it was not until just recently that I joined the Church. All those years I didn't know God. Now I do, so I always thank Him for it. I thank God that I am still strong. You know, Father, I am over sixty-five years old but I can do a little bit of work in the garden, cut firewood, and help about the house. You know I have never been sick. Father, can I thank God after Holy

Communion for what I have to eat and what I have to wear? This is what I always do, but I just wanted to ask you. I just wanted to be sure." Our Lord Himself had been teaching her.

A high infant mortality rate seems to be one of the reasons why the growth of Christianity in China is slow. Christian parents in the country, and indeed in the city, do not know—and many don't seem willing to learn—some very essential rules for the care of infants and children. Imagine giving hunks of pork fat to a child less than a year old! Yet it is actually done. To anything one may say they reply: "But the baby wants it." So there you are. Again, at the beginning of the summer parents let the children have raw turnips to eat. These turnips are great carriers of dysentery. What is the result? At this time of the year most of the children contract this disease and great numbers of them die. One of our catechists has had five children and not one of them is alive today. All died before they reached the age of five. Some of them died in their infancy; most of them died from dysentery.

Children who show great prospects for the future die of the same disease because their grandfather or grandmother is opposed to giving them foreign medicine. They just let the child waste away. If, towards the very end, they call us in—it is too late. It certainly is heartbreaking at times to see so many promising children lost. The Church triumphant is being replenished, but in the meantime the Church militant

is finding it very difficult to keep many of its new recruits for a long-time enlistment.

I REMEMBER one time visiting the home of a Chinese gentleman in Wusli. His wife and daughter were working about the room getting the supper ready. In the course of the conversation I asked him how many children he had. He answered that this girl was the only one alive now but that he had had twelve other children, all of whom had died in infancy. Sometimes we find a rare exception, like the woman in Shinsipln who had raised nine children. All were living, and all were sons! Would that all Chinese mothers took as much care of their children as did that mother. What a different story we could tell.

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Everything in China seems to have some use or value. It is fortunate that this is so—otherwise the poor would be poorer, finding nothing with which they could support themselves. After the Red raid of November and December of 1935, many of the country folk whose homes had been wasted came to Yüanling to seek a living. They sought shelter under the roofs of the city gates and under the coverings of the local bridges. Early each morning they would go out into the city streets and corners looking for something that could be salvaged and sold. One family, a grandmother and a grandson of fourteen years, used to pick up all the broken glass they could find. It made no difference whether it was bottles, lamp chimnies or flat glass. They collected all, took it to their "home" and cut it as best they could into round pieces. These they sold to the watch repairer to be used as crystals.

There were two or three other families who collected all the bandages and dressings cast off by the wounded soldiers. This cloth was carried to the river, washed and made into mops. They got enough to make three mops a day and actually lived by this trade until things became settled back home. There also was a group of young lads who went about collecting worn out flashlight batteries. They broke them up and sold the lead. Yet there seems to be one thing that has no value—the skin of the ripe pomelo. It is thrown about everywhere during the late fall. During the early spring, however, when the pomelo is not quite the size of a baseball, the skin has a value. We see it cut in slices and drying in the sun outside the medicine shops.



General Lung Yun Fei, his brother and two officers visit the Yüanling Mission. With them are Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara and Fathers Timothy McDermott, Linus Lombard and Harold Travers, C.P.

At the end of summer, when the frogs are plentiful and the rice fields are nearly dry, the beggars fish with a pole and line in the fields for frogs. No hooks are used. A little piece of meat is tied at the end of the string. The frog jumps up, grabs the meat in its mouth and doesn't let go.

A man by the name of Chang from Wang Ts'ao knows all the creeks in the vicinity of Yüanling and from them he makes a living. He moves about from one to the other catching the turtles that live in these creeks. He is very expert. He has to be very careful about disturbing any snakes. He supports his wife and child this way. They always live in the open under the covering of some oil press or rice mill when on the road.

HERE in Wukl the country smallpox doctor does not distinguish between chicken pox and smallpox. When called in on a case he asked for a piece of red paper, dipped it in tea oil and lighted it. Placing it close to the patient's skin, he observed how the sickness was breaking out. At this time it was almost dark. He declared the sickness to be a mild case. The boy had chicken pox.

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As the Chinese gather about the open brazier during the cold months, there seems to be an established custom that the senior of those there gathered has the privilege of holding the fire tongs and adjusting

the wood or charcoal over the flame. If he should leave, the one next in rank will take the tongs and continue in this pleasant form of recreation.

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For a belt poor Chinese boys use a string. Some of the boys tie it with a permanent knot so that the belt never leaves them until it wears out. If the boys go in swimming they just slip their trousers out from under the string and dive in. They would never think of taking off the string for this is as much a part of them as their skin.

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A clever Chinese carpenter can play a tune, as he drives a nail into a heavy board, by hitting the nail and board alternately an equal or different number of strokes.

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The Chinese in the country speaking complimentary of newlyweds will say: "They will get along together all right, they know each other's temper."

The Chinese school boy or girl fears nothing as much as they fear a good scolding. Whether it is given privately or in public, they lose so much face that they rarely forget it. Thus it is very easy at times to keep order without using any violent means. Often you will overhear one of the boys saying: "I will not do it. The last time I did that the teacher scolded me."



Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

REALITY AND UNREALITY

• **PERHAPS** I am merely captiously critical, but something has been getting on my nerves more and more with each passing Christmas and that is the gradual substitution of artificial poinsettias for real ones on church altars, not only in smaller churches but in larger ones. At one church where the liturgy is carried out in full perfection, where on every occasion the loveliest of flowers cluster on the altars, a few artificial poinsettias were added to the real ones last year. This year they were all artificial—staring yellow stamens, surrounded by flat dead red petals. No matter how well made they are, they are not real nor have they the grace of the true.

It is easy to see why they are used; they will keep the altars looking spick and span until after the New Year, and with no reinforcements needed. But at no other season are artificial flowers used in these churches. Why does our dearest holy day of all have to be afflicted with them? There is no necessity for poinsettias being the only Christmas flower anyway. For myself, I should feel it a great relief to walk into a church that looked different instead of being confronted always by a monotony of startling red.

CAROLS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

• **IN A TOWN** of some size in New York the public school board has, after eight years of not allowing them to be sung, restored carols to the schools. Many years ago parents of Jewish children objected to them, saying that they felt their children should not be forced to sing songs based on the divinity of Jesus. So, of all odd things, the music supervisors revised some favorite carols and made expurgated versions of such songs as "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "Joy to the World!" Apparently these were satisfactory to no one, so no one sang carols for eight years. This year certain parents, including members of a Bible class of two thousand, Knights of Columbus, citizens of various denominations, demanded a restoration of carols to the schools. One member of the Board made the pertinent statement that this is a Christian country, under the constitution, which makes the schools Christian, and the board passed the resolution.

This is a strange incident when one thinks it over. It points a moral, too, especially for the Jewish people among us. This sort of thing, really small when one considers vaster things, is yet of the sort that sets people against people. Out of Jewish insistence on such a matter, who can know what later larger evil might arise?

It all makes one feel anew the true good sense of Catholics. They too have felt there are things in the public schools of which they cannot approve. The lack of religion—the sort of religion the Church demands—has made them build schools of their own for their children, at great cost often, and has even forced them to pay two school taxes instead of one. The objecting Jews could easily do the same thing instead of demand-

ing that something which has a legitimate right to be there should be removed from a public school.

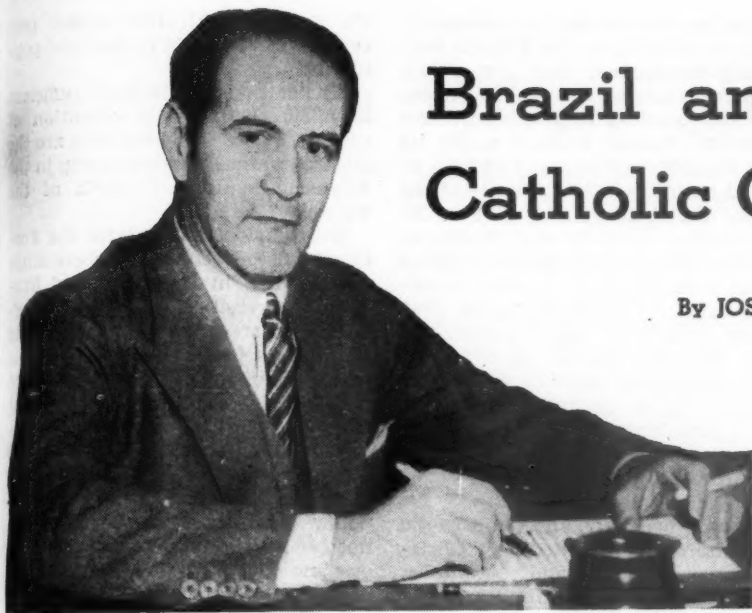
A YOUTHFUL OLD MONSIGNOR

• **WE HAVE** in a recent edition of the *Brooklyn Tablet* the interesting picture of a laywoman handing a few verbal brickbats to a distinguished prelate. Monsignor Lavelle, of the New York Archdiocese, has been watching this mortal scene now for many years, in the ring and on the side lines, and at his great age he could be excused if he had grown extremely conservative. Instead of that he shows more and more a habit of understanding the present not only in terms of the past but on its own terms, and being over eighty it seems to me that he should be getting big bouquets for it. Instead Marie Duff laments remarks made by him at a graduation recently. He said he was "worried by the constant hammering at Communism." This leads Miss Duff to remark tartly that had Our Lord subscribed to such a policy, the temple sellers would have been allowed to go their way, and it leads her also to speak of the necessity of perceiving instead the "brazen desecration of the temple of America."

Also the Monsignor pointed with pardonable pride to the way in which the emancipation of women has progressed during the years. And he has surely seen enough to know what he is talking about. He spoke of the accomplishments of women, and surely in the realm of welfare and child care, in settlement houses and schools, in girls' clubs and to some extent in the government itself, the emancipation of woman has brought about good. But Miss Duff says gloomily not so, not so at all. All we do with the franchise is vote with our husbands and so run up election expenses and nothing else. And it has taught us to stand with a foot on a brass rail and listen to risqué stories. We have equality all right, she admits, but we have paid for it with the "coin of womanly license." "We are no longer," she ends, "like Tennyson's ideal woman, 'dipt in angel instincts, breathing Paradise.'"

Well, the simple answer to that is that most of us never were like that. But I know plenty of women who fulfill it in part. I know nuns and mothers and spinsters too who have plenty of angel instincts about them, and they have the franchise to boot. As for "breathing Paradise," I can't figure out what that does mean. But I have seen nurses breathing the air of sick rooms, utterly forgetful of themselves. I have seen women go into the slums and breathe the odor of poverty and dirt and consider it a part of the day's work. And I have also seen them brave rank odors of cigar-reeking voting places in order to register a vote. None of this is "breathing Paradise" of course—and yet if I half understand the phrase, many women still do "breathe Paradise."

Anyway I'll string along with the optimistic Monsignor who has watched the world and the men and women in it for long long years, rather than with the younger and infinitely more pessimistic Miss Duff.



Dr. Oswaldo Aranha, Foreign Minister of Brazil,
formerly Ambassador to Washington

Brazil and American Catholic Co-Operation

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

MY INTERVIEW with Dr. Oswaldo Aranha, Foreign Minister of Brazil, took place in the famous Itamaraty Palace in Rio de Janeiro. Dr. Aranha, thanks to horseback riding and tennis, retains a youthful figure and immense vitality. This physical fitness is reflected in his mental processes. Unlike most Foreign Secretaries he answers questions directly, adequately. His democratic principles are well known. In fact, it is an open secret in Washington that his presence in the Brazilian Cabinet more than any other single factor allayed the suspicion that the great South American Federation was moving into the orbit of totalitarian States.

As Ambassador of Brazil to the United States Dr. Aranha had won golden opinions for his diplomatic abilities as well as for his sincere adherence to liberal political views. Without a Foreign Minister of this type it is doubtful whether the régime of President Getulio Vargas would have survived the storm of adverse criticism which greeted the coup d'état of November 10, 1937. Conversations with Secretary Aranha convinced me that confidence in his democratic convictions was not misplaced.

My first question concerned the extent and intensity of Fascist and Nazi influence in Brazil. The Foreign Minister was amazingly frank.

"Everybody in Brazil knows how eager Germany and Italy are to secure our friendship," he declared. "The Germans in particular have erected powerful radio stations in order to broadcast their programs di-

rectly to the people of this country. They have taken pains to hire announcers who speak Brazilian Portuguese; they excogitate programs that flatter the *amour-propre* of the Brazilians. On our national holidays, for example, the Berlin station thrills the public with the Brazilian patriotic songs. Speeches are delivered showing an intimate knowledge of Brazil's history, traditions and culture. The commercial element in the programs is either minimized or utterly eliminated. This contributes to the entertainment value of the broadcasts."

Dr. Aranha insisted that the extent of Nazi or Fascist influence in Brazil had been exaggerated in the American press. He did not deny that strenuous efforts had been made to create good will for foreign ideologies in Brazil, but he deplored the impression that Brazil had gone over to totalitarianism.

"The Government of President Getulio Vargas," he said, "is distinctively Brazilian without any tincture of foreign 'isms.' Do you think I would have accepted office in an administration that either owed its origin to or submitted to dictation from a European nation? We don't intend to transfer any ideological war to the South American continent."

"The *Integralista*, or Green Shirt movement, was the work of a few irresponsible boys. You can see how thoroughly Getulio Vargas outlawed the movement. If any European governments subsidized this group it has been a poor investment. The leaders are either in jail or in hiding. Presi-

dent Vargas did not even think it necessary to mete out summary capital punishment to the assassins who attempted to murder him in the Executive Mansion last May. Do you think Mussolini or Hitler would deal with high treason in this spirit? We do not intend to invent any martyrs for those who may happen to differ with us in the domain of politics."

"President Vargas will submit his new constitution to a plebiscite. The people will decide what reforms are needed to weld our immense territory and huge population into a homogeneous unit. In the new constitution guarantees of liberty of speech, liberty of the press, liberty of peaceful assembly and liberty of conscience will be conspicuous. There is nothing totalitarian about that program."

THE Foreign Minister then alluded to the public support expressed for the new régime by His Eminence, Don Fernando Leme.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that this approval from the highest ecclesiastical authority in Brazil would have been vouchsafed, unless the Cardinal Archbishop were persuaded that fundamental liberties would remain intact?"

We had now been speaking for almost a solid hour. The Secretary, thoroughly absorbed by his subject, became more cordial, revealing. Throwing aside the ordinary conventions imposed by diplomatic protocol he spoke freely, without restraint or reserve.

"Isn't there a special rôle for the

Catholics of North America in the campaign to bring about closer cultural co-operation between the people of the United States and Brazil?" he inquired. "I am thinking particularly of the laity in the two countries. There are numerous Catholic societies in North America that have their counterparts in Brazil. While I was in Washington I was often edified and impressed by the work of lay leaders in the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name Society, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Catholic Daughters of America and the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. Why should not the officers of these groups do more to promote closer spiritual relationship with their fellow-Christians in Brazil?"

With animation of gesture and eloquence of voice Dr. Aranha continued to emphasize what he called the appropriateness and the utility of more frequent, intimate relationships between the Catholics of Brazil and those of the United States. It was his view that Brazilian Catholics would gain much from the example of lay organizations in the United States, while North American Catholics, as well as Christians throughout the world, could derive much fruit from a study of Brazil's efforts to combat Communism and to inaugurate a system of social justice that would give practical effect to the principles contained in the Papal Encyclicals.

"Brazilians," Foreign Minister Aranha declared, "have a tremendous admiration for the achievements of the North American people." They believe, he said, that North Americans "have a good sense of life and its best values," and for this reason, he added, it was one of his most fervent desires "to bring a large number of North Americans into personal contact" with leading Brazilian citizens, institutions and scientific organizations. He added that the Catholic Church in North America, "which has attained such a position of respect and influence should take the initiative in this matter."

CITING the campaign of President Vargas against Communism, which he said dealt Marxism one of its most crushing blows in the New World, Dr. Aranha declared that United States Catholics "should find material for study, if not imitation, in the success which we Brazilians have had in outwitting the Soviets."

When I inquired as to the possibility of Brazil establishing formal diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, I was assured emphatically that "no such project would be enter-

tained by the present government."

At the same time, the Foreign Secretary emphasized that more than negative measures were envisaged for the war against radical, subversive agitators. Brazil's attempt under its new Constitution to apply at least in broad outline some of the principles of the social Encyclicals of Pius XI is another reason why Catholics should take a special interest in Brazil, he said. "Students of social reconstruction," he asserted, "agree that these principles offer substantial hope for the solution of our most acute problems of housing, unemployment, surplus production, suitable living standards, and a comprehensive program of health and recreation for the general public."

THE co-operation and sympathetic interest of American Christian sociologists would become a powerful lever in the application of our constitutional program. The corporative system (or organization of vocational bodies) is succeeding in Portugal, a nation with which we have considerable racial and cultural affinity. Our President is planning a visit to Portugal in order to gain the latest information on the development of this movement."

To be frank, this writer saw little or no evidence of "occupational bodies" in Brazil. The walls were still plastered with colored posters advertising the virtues of the "corporative" system, but beyond these paper notices there was nothing to show that workers and employers had even heard the outline of the Papal program, except in the workmen circles that have been organized under the direction of the Catholic Hierarchy.

That there is ample scope for a campaign to apply the "*Rerum Novarum*" and "*Quadragesimo Anno*" is clear from the fact that skilled laborers in Rio de Janeiro usually do not receive a daily wage in excess of twenty milreis, which would be less than one dollar in American money. Unskilled workers, of course, do not get more than half a dollar a day for their services, while domestic servants (or household assistants) are recompensed by food, lodging and a tiny stipend of a few dollars a month. In this connection, it must be mentioned that living expenses do not absorb as much of the worker's income as would corresponding expenditures in the United States. No one starves or freezes to death in Brazil.

As our interview drew to a close Dr. Aranha startled me by the remark that "Brazil is the largest Catholic nation in the world as well as

the country with the largest percentage of Catholics in the total population."

"Is not that fact in itself sufficient to elicit the friendly attention of your 21,000,000 Catholics who are the most numerous religious group in the Western Hemisphere north of the Equator?" he asked.

With obvious enthusiasm the Foreign Minister recommended exchange scholarships in American and Brazilian universities, stating that exchange professorships on the scale of what is being done between the United States and Europe would be a helpful feature in the development of better cultural relationships between Brazilian and United States Catholics.

This correspondent knows that the policy of cultured co-operation has not been neglected by educators who owe no allegiance to Catholicism. There are a number of North Americans teaching in the colleges and universities of Brazil. The United States intellectual influence is strongly felt both in Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the Federation, and in Sao Paulo, capital of the most powerful Brazilian State. According to Arthur Ramos, professor of social psychology in the University of the Federal District, "North American sociology tends more and more to dominate the active social centres of Brazil. The *grande animador* is Delgado de Carvalho, whose books bristle with the names of Lester Ward, Giddings, Park Burgess, Cooley, Ross and Ellwood."

THIS gave point to the Foreign Minister's final suggestion:

"We welcome lay interest and lay participation in the program of social development which is getting under way in Brazil," he said. "Perhaps it may be possible for some of the North American organizations to hold their conferences or conventions in Rio de Janeiro or Sao Paulo. Naturally, our men in public life would welcome the International Eucharistic Congress to our capital. Furthermore, our professional men and women seek the opportunity to discuss common problems with Catholic doctors, surgeons, lawyers, engineers, artists, dentists, journalists and university professors."

Our closest ties are still with the people of the United States of America and I am persuaded that the Catholic Church in your country, with its splendid tradition of patriotism and educational service which I have witnessed at first-hand, can make a most valuable contribution to a better understanding of Brazil in North America."

The Poison Banquet

An Event Which Was Near To Being a Historic Tragedy Is Described by Bishop Kelley in an Article Which Will Be a Chapter in His Book "The Bishop Jots It Down"

By MOST REV. FRANCIS C. KELLEY

ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY died in Rochester, New York, in the home of his brother, on July 10th, 1915. His body was brought to Chicago and laid away in a mausoleum he himself had built as a last resting place for the Archbishops of Chicago. I had visited it with him while it was under construction. "That will be my shelf," he said, as he pointed to a recess high up in the wall.

"Your Grace is quite cheerful about it," I remarked.

"Why not?" was his only answer.

Well, why not, when the work is done as best one knows how to do it? Why not when it was assigned but never sought? Why not when unselfish devotion on this earth makes a rift in the clouds that veil eternity and shows it to be a glory of the Kingdom of God?

There was a time when signs and omens were held in high repute even in the halls of kings. Today they are for the most part banished to the dimmed lights and faked mysteriousness of the rooms of crystal gazers. But if they still counted for anything in the highest circles, they would have made a mark in Chicago when the successor of Archbishop Quigley took over his office and dignity.

When George William Mundelein was named to the Archiepiscopal See of Chicago there were few who knew more about him than the fact that he was Auxiliary to the Bishop of Brooklyn. In spite of the diligent reporters of the Chicago press, who gathered up every bit of information they could get for their "stories," the new Archbishop was still just a new archbishop when he was enthroned in his Cathedral on February 9th, 1916. What more could have been expected at the time? He had served as a pastor, as a chancellor, as an auxiliary bishop, but these were no uncommon steps on the way higher up; even if the last was softened to the tread by a bit of green carpet.

The new Archbishop had been a builder. There was a Gothic gem to his credit in Brooklyn. But he had made few public appearances even as a bishop. He had never been his own master and he had kept his

place. Really there was nothing for Chicago to get excited about. The Archdiocese would do the right thing—and did it—for the new Chief Pastor had been sent by Peter and would be welcomed as any other sent by Peter would be welcomed. On the morning of February 9th, 1916, only Chicago knew the name Mundelein, but the next morning the whole world knew it.

What the whole world did not at once realize was the ominous meaning behind what had put the name Mundelein into headlines on the first page of every newspaper on earth that day and for days after. There had been little talk about anarchy or Communism before February 10th, 1916. For a month after the 10th little else was talked about. An anarchist in Chicago had decided to advertise anarchy in the anarchical way. He found what he thought was his opportunity. Thirty or more bishops, the presidents of three universities, executives of some forty railroads, the resident judges of all municipal, county and state courts, as well as the leaders of all the great corporations of the second city of America were to be gathered together in one place to partake of a banquet. He fed them arsenic.

THERE were people who did not accept the story of an anarchist poisoner. But they could not explain the poisoner's laboratory or his letters to the police glorying in his act. All they could do in the face of facts was to shrug their shoulders and remark: "It does not make sense. Why should anyone have wanted to kill three hundred leaders in the life of the second city of the country?" Such a curt dismissal of evidence, weak as it was, would be much weaker today. The war that was "to make the world safe for democracy" was on then. Today it is the crop it raised that we are gathering. We did not know Marxism very well then. Now we have Russia to study; not to speak of Spain. Then we had only a few choice "parlor pinks." Now we have red college professors. It is what has since happened in the world that makes the "Poison Ban-

quet" now appear to have been both a warning and a prophecy.

Dostoevski has been called the prophet of the Russian revolution. So, in the main, he turned out to be. But he was more than a prophet of that particular revolution. From the philosophy of revolution which he so carefully outlined, even though he hated it, he became the prophet of all modern revolutions. He dreamed the ugly pictures that we see. An attempt to kill three hundred people at one stroke in 1916 was at the time thought too horrible to be true. But today it is hard to get a shocked expression for wholesale "liquidations" running into millions. It was hard to believe at the time that the "Poison Banquet" had world-wide significance. It is not so hard to believe today. In a small but horrible way it forecast what has happened in a great and more horrible way under our own eyes.

THE banquet was a civic welcome to the new Archbishop. No more distinguished gathering of leaders had ever before come together in Chicago. About three hundred guests sat down in the Gothic masterpiece of Cathedral Hall in the University Club. When the second course was being served more than half were showing signs of acute distress. With pale faces men were hurrying to the door. Some had to be assisted. Confusion reigned. Doctors followed the stricken guests outside. Dr. John B. Murphy, the great surgeon of the day, rushed a vial of the soup over to a laboratory with a hurried order to have it tested and a report returned at once. In the meantime he and the other doctors who had not as yet succumbed gave first aid. When the report came from the laboratory the wisdom of the emergency step was apparent. The soup had been poisoned.

I was seated at the left of the Archbishop. On his right was the Governor of Illinois, Edward F. Dunne. Neither of them showed signs of physical distress. The Archbishop asked me to make inquiry as to the cause of the trouble. I went out to find the Manager of the Club. Once

outside the door of the Hall I began to feel ill. I had rooms in the Club and resolved to go to them and lie down for a few minutes, but I barely reached them before I had to be assisted. Both of my rooms were full of distressed guests, many stretched on the floor. The first victim to fall, the City Librarian, was groaning in my bed. I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes two doctors were standing over me and I heard Dr. Murphy say: "He'll come out of it. Let us go down and see to the others."

I HAD an address to give at the banquet and, remembering that fact, staggered to my feet, made my way to the Hall and sat down in my place. "It's poison, Your Grace," I whispered to the Archbishop. "Are you affected?"

"Not at all," he answered. "Who did it?"

"No one knows, but I came up in the elevator with police, detectives and reporters. I heard one of the latter say that the newspaper offices are wildly excited and are sending their whole reportorial force over here."

The Archbishop showed no sign of excitement. He was only anxious that the sick should receive proper attention. The toastmaster, Mr. Carry, opened the program as if nothing had happened but as it went on he showed that he too was ill. The Archbishop of Milwaukee, passing behind my chair, stopped to say that he was leaving to catch a train home and was not sick. Crossing the bridge to reach the station the poison caught him. He reached Milwaukee but was put to bed at once.

Not all the guests, however, were stricken. Those who did not care for soup and took none of it were saved. Those who left some of it in the plates suffered little. The metallic poison had dropped to the bottoms of the plates.

My call to speak brought me to my feet. I had the typescript of it in my hand and remember beginning to read. Memory fails to recall anything else about it, but those who were not too sick to listen said that it went well enough. I remember watching a playlet I had written for the occasion. It was given under the musical direction of Father Finn, then at the head of the famous Paulist Choir. He performed his task while being held up at the piano.

It was an ambitious plan the young anarchist, who was a cook in the Club, had worked out. For months before he had been studying chemistry by a correspondence course.

Had he succeeded he would have left no judges in Chicago except those of the Federal courts, who had been unwittingly overlooked when the invitation list was being made up. Fortunate mistake for them! When the newspapers told the story next morning none of these judges desired an apology for the error.

The man who saved us from the worst was the Chief Steward of the Club who, passing through the kitchens that morning, inspected the already prepared soup and did not like the color of it, though he did not suspect that it had been poisoned. What he thought was that the preparation had not been quite perfect. He ordered four out of five kettles thrown away and new soup made to fill them.

There were small pea-like substances floating as flavors in each plate, and these too had been poisoned. The worst happened to the guests who had eaten them. Eleven out of twelve men at one table escaped because none of them had eaten these or had taken all the soup on their plates.

The next night about one o'clock I was awakened by the ringing of the telephone in my room and informed that the poisoner's home-made laboratory had been discovered. His arsenic bottle was empty and there were signs that mercury had been taken out of another bottle. For forty-eight hours, the time mercury takes to get its grip, those who knew about that laboratory watched the clock. There was no remedy for mercury poisoning.

FOR weeks, even months, the alleged poisoner himself kept ragging the police by mail from Chicago and New York. He defied them to catch him and wrote them that he had been and would again be right under their noses. Two weeks after his disappearance I had a strange visitor; strange in the sense that the story he told to gain admission and stay for half an hour was flimsy enough. He explained that he was a medical doctor from Germany who wanted to settle in Chicago. My visitor kept smiling enigmatically at me as he talked. That enigmatic smile was the distinctive thing about him. When he left I went over to the Club to describe my visitor to the Manager, Mr. Doherty. He recognized the frozen smile. The visitor did not call on any of the German pastors to whom I referred him.

Later a suicide was found hanging in an Indiana woods. The police whispered that the body was probably that of the poisoner. But others

had a different opinion; one not at all complimentary to Chicago's then Chief of Police. The "Poison Banquet," as it soon was called, produced one of the great unsolved crimes. The man responsible missed his objective but probably was smart enough not to make another mistake by getting caught. For myself, it was years before I tasted soup again at a public banquet. I still look with both eyes full of doubt on it when it is put before me.

Archbishop Mundelein had never been in Chicago before he was welcomed by the crowds of people who packed every foot of space in and around the La Salle Street Station to catch a first glimpse at their new spiritual leader. I had made my annual retreat at St. Andrew's-on-the-Hudson while he was making his retreat for consecration as Auxiliary Bishop. That was in 1909. Dr. Burke of Canada was with me and the three of us met at table every day. In a retreat there is little time for chatting but when we were leaving Dr. Burke remarked: "There is a gentleman who will go far."

CERTAINLY neither of us thought that it would be far West. But the Bishop was a good conversationalist as well as a good director of conversation. "It will interest you," he said, when I called on him in Brooklyn after his appointment to Chicago, "to know that when I received the official news I went to my room and dug up the little memorial brochure that you had written about Archbishop Quigley. I took it to bed with me to read before I went to sleep." He had a winning smile and used it. "I wanted to find out what kind of an archbishop the President of Extension thought I ought to be."

He was a diplomat. Like all Chicago I naturally was curious and I hoped that his conversation would tell me something about himself. All it told me was that he intended to be the Archbishop of Chicago and to spend the rest of his life at the job of being a good one.

There was a wise old pastor in Chicago who had all the deference in the world for a superior but who could not bring himself actually to like the new Archbishop. One day when we were alone he said: "I just cannot like him as I liked the others, and I do not think I am prejudiced. I will nevertheless give him loyal service, for I know of nothing more dangerous to one's soul than to interfere in the slightest way with a man of destiny."

And Archbishop Mundelein was a man of destiny.

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Eternity of God: Why Did He Create: Plenary Indulgence

(1) *It is obvious that God had no beginning, otherwise there would have been some power greater than Himself which caused His being. Since God is eternal, what did He do with Himself during the countless eternities of His endless existence before the creation of angels and men, and why did God create things when He did?* (2) *Is it likely that God will see fit to create another human species long after this world is ended?* (3) *Since a plenary indulgence remits all temporal punishment due to sin, is it not likely that a great many of the faithful departed were beneficiaries of this special grace? There are many prayers to which a plenary indulgence is attached upon the usual conditions. Inasmuch as the greater majority of the faithful die with the priest near them, is it not possible that this indulgence may be gained and admit the soul immediately into Heaven?*—T. O'D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) The question is rather crudely put, but the difficulty is answered by saying that God is infinitely happy in and by Himself because He possesses all good. He needs nothing whatever either to maintain or to increase His essential beatitude. We must not forget that God is one in nature, essence and substance, but three Persons, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. The thought of one Person being eternal would naturally stupefy our imagination, but when we remember that there are three distinct Persons in God, each one of whom shares equally the divine nature, which is infinite goodness, truth and beauty, we can see a little bit why God is necessarily and infinitely happy. Of course, this is a mystery which we believe without adequately understanding it.

"God out of His infinite goodness and almighty power designed to create all things in heaven and earth, not to increase His own happiness thereby, nor to acquire any perfection, but to manifest His own perfection by the good things He bestowed on His creation." (*Catholic Catechism*, Gasparri). It is the inclination of goodness to communicate itself to others. As St. Augustine aptly puts it, "because God is good, we exist."

(2) It is not likely that God will create a new human species in the present order of things. It might be questioned whether this is possible. Even after the General Resurrection, when God shall establish "new heavens and a new earth, in which justice dwelleth, (II Pet. 3:13), human nature will still be of the same species as now exists, though, of course, *beatified* by sharing in the vision of God.

(3) When a plenary indulgence is fully acquired by a soul immediately before death, entrance into Heaven will follow without delay. It must be borne in mind that indulgences do not remit sin, but the temporal punishment due to sin, the guilt of which has been pardoned after sincere repentance. How many souls immediately before death acquire plenary indulgences is known only to God. It is speculation to try to compute the number, but there is no harm in thinking that the number is very great. It is necessary to avoid extremes in this matter—making plenary indulgences too difficult of acquisition on the one hand, and too easy on the other.

Prayers for Jews

Does the Catholic Church ever offer up to God special prayers for the conversion of the Jews?—N. N.

In the Mass of the Presanctified of Good Friday, the Church prays in a solemn manner for all humanity. Special supplications are offered to God for pagans, heretics, schismatics and Jews. The prayers for the Jews are as follows: "Let us also pray for the faithless Jews (*pro perfidis Judaeis*), that Our Lord and God would draw aside the veil from their hearts, that they also may acknowledge Jesus Christ Our Lord." "Almighty and everlasting God, Who art ready to extend Thy mercy even to the faithless Jews (*Judaicam perfidiam*), hear the prayers which we offer for the blindness of that people, that by acknowledging the light of Thy truth, which is in Christ, they may be delivered from their darkness. Through the same Christ Our Lord, etc." It is significant that when these prayers are offered, the celebrant does not invite the faithful to kneel—*Flectamus genua*—as he does in the other prayers. The reason for this omission, according to one liturgist, is because the Jews used this act of adoration to mock Our Lord in his Passion. The above prayers are, it appears, the only ones which are offered in the Church's liturgy especially for the Jews.

Catholics and Y.M.C.A.

May a Catholic join the Y.M.C.A.? Would it make any difference if that organization is the only available one with facilities for physical exercise?—OZONE PARK, N. Y.

The Y.M.C.A. is a distinctly Protestant society, the chief work of which is religious. From the Catholic viewpoint there are two great objections to the Y.M.C.A.:

(1) it promotes indifference among its Catholic members, and (2) by admitting Catholic young men it keeps them away from the influence of their pastors and Catholic organizations. The Holy See in November, 1920, sent a circular letter to the Bishops of the Catholic Church, formally warning them against the Y.M.C.A., and urging them to use the utmost zeal in order to preserve Catholic youth from "the contagion spread abroad by these organizations, whose very benefactions, extended in Christ's Name, endanger the Christian's most priceless possession—the grace of Christ." It has been proved by serious investigation that Catholic young men who enter the Y.M.C.A. become indifferent to the practice of the Catholic faith, when they do not give it up entirely. While it is possible to conceive that a Catholic may desire to join the Y solely for the purpose of physical exercise, there is grave danger that the false religious spirit which pervades the Y will work harm to his Catholic faith. In view of these things, we advise against Catholics joining this organization even for the purpose of physical exercise. If one is so desirous of physical training that he wants to join a club instituted for this end, and there is no Catholic club available, let him choose one that is free of false religious principles. What has been said above, applies also to the Y.W.C.A. There are things in life more important than physical training—the preservation of the precious pearl of the Catholic faith, for instance. When thinking of physical training, do not overlook the poor man's exercise, which some physicians claim is the best of all—walking!

Whitman's Works: Ernest Hemingway

(1) *Are the works of Walt Whitman on the Index? What is the Church's attitude towards him?* (2) *I can hardly believe that Ernest Hemingway is a convert to the Church, judging by some of the stuff he has written lately. Can you explain this?*—F. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) Walt Whitman's works are not listed in the Index of Forbidden Books. This, of course, is not to be understood as an approval of them for all books dangerous to faith and morals are not listed by name. We cannot find an authoritative statement by any Church authority about his works.

Whitman was an intense individualist, defiant of tradition and convention and much inclined to radicalism in his works. It is said that he was dismissed from the Department of the Interior at Washington because of the publication of his *Leaves of Grass*. (*New International Encyclopedia*, Vol. XX). The mural in the Bronx, N. Y., postoffice, which included a panel with his picture and a quotation from his *As Strong as a Bird on Pinions Free* was objected to as "an insult to all religious-minded men and to Christianity." The artist declared that he was willing to remove the offending verse. (*Herald-Tribune*, Dec. 12, 1938).

(2) We have it on good authority that Ernest Hemingway is a Catholic; whether a born Catholic or a convert, we do not know. If his religious faith is Catholic, his written works appear to deny it. A Catholic, who read one of his recent works, remarked in inelligant but forceful language, "it is rotten!"

Married Priests: Masses on One Day: Hearing Mass on Radio

(1) *Is it possible for a priest in the Roman Catholic Church to marry after his ordination and still carry on his priestly duties?* (2) *Is there any limit to the number of Masses a priest is allowed to celebrate on one day?*

(3) *If I were to hear Mass over the radio on a Sunday, would it be necessary for me to go to my parish church to assist at one?*—J. M., HOBOKEN, N. J.

(1) The obligation of clerical celibacy obliges all those in the Latin Rite of the Catholic Church, who have received at least the subdiaconate. Those who receive this Order voluntarily renounce marriage and promise to practice perfect chastity. Sacred Orders constitutes an invalidating impediment to marriage. Hence, no Catholic priest of the Latin Rite can marry validly in the eyes of the Church.

In many of the Eastern Rites of the Catholic Church, married men are allowed to be ordained priests, (they marry before receiving the diaconate), but no priest is allowed to marry after his ordination, nor are second marriages allowed. This appears to be the rule also in the Schismatic (Orthodox) Churches. The Bishops of these Rites are celibates and are usually taken from the monastic clergy. Hence, the rule is that no Catholic priest is allowed to marry after ordination, both in the Latin and Eastern Rites, though in the latter (and in the Schismatic Church) married men exercise the duties of priests.

(2) Priests may not celebrate Mass more than once a day, except on All Souls and Christmas, when the law allows them to celebrate three Masses, and on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation, when if the circumstances warrant and the Ordinary grants permission, two Masses may be celebrated. (Canon 806).

(3) The precept of assisting at Mass is not fulfilled unless one is *bodily* present at the sacrifice. One could, indeed, "hear" Mass over the radio, but not in the manner the Church prescribes.

Communion Without Confession

Are Catholics permitted to receive Holy Communion without going to confession? I understand that members of other denominations are permitted to do so.—A. S., EAST ORANGE, N. J.

The obligation to confess one's sins before the reception of Holy Communion strictly obliges when one is conscious of being in the state of mortal sin; that is, after having committed a serious violation of the law of God in thought, word or deed. Holy Communion is a Sacrament of the Living, that is for those only who are living in the state of grace or friendship with God. In order to regain the state of grace it is necessary to confess one's sins to the priest, in accordance with the precept of Christ: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20:23).

Of what use would this wonderful grant of power from Christ amount to, if those in mortal sin were free to have recourse to it or not. In the case of venial, or lesser sins, it is not necessary to confess before receiving Holy Communion. But those who are in the habit of receiving frequently usually go to confession about every two weeks. You miss the whole point about preparing for Holy Communion. One can never be too well prepared to receive into one's heart the *real* Body and Blood of Christ. It might be comforting to us if we did not have to confess our sins at any time, but since it is the will of Christ that we must submit to the authority of the Church through its priests, in the case of mortal sin, it is an idle thought. Besides there is something so human and conformable to our needs to hear from the lips of a fellow mortal, speaking with the authority of God, that our sins are forgiven us. What certainty have those who do not believe in confessing

to a priest that their sins are forgiven? Religious feeling in this matter is a very unsafe guide.

Mussolini and the Church: Protestants In Italy: Vatican States

(1) Is Benito Mussolini a practicing Catholic? (2) Is Protestantism tolerated in Italy? (3) How large were the States of the Church before the Vatican State was established?—P. G., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

(1) We have no definite information regarding Mussolini's qualities as a Catholic, but judging from common report he can hardly be called a practical one, in the sense in which the term is currently used.

(2) According to Article I of the Constitution of the Kingdom of Italy, the Catholic religion is the "sole religion of the State," but religious freedom is guaranteed to non-Catholics. The Treaty between the Kingdom of Italy and Vatican State recognizes this article of the Constitution.

(3) The Papal Dominions, called the States of the Church, consisted of about 17,000 square miles, which extended across the centre of Italy, prior to the loss of the Temporal Power in September, 1870.

Christian Science Healings and Lourdes Cures

Please explain the difference between the cures at Lourdes and Christian Science healings.—R. W., UNION CITY, N. J.

Whatever "healings" can be verified as facts in Christian Science are all related to mental and nervous disorders. They can all be explained by natural causes, such as suggestions, wishful thinking, etc. The cures obtained at Lourdes, however, are not confined to such cases, but include organic diseases, bone diseases, hideous sores, etc., which do not depend for their existence on mental states. While persons suffering from nervous disorders and morbid mental states may obtain relief at Lourdes, their cases are not even considered by the medical bureau at Lourdes. Only when the cure of some major organic or bone disease, and the like, are judged by competent scientific authority as beyond the limits of the powers of nature are they ascribed to supernatural causes and qualified to be judged as miraculous.

Layman Administering Baptism

(1) When is a lay person permitted to administer Baptism? (2) If a Catholic layman is in the presence of a dying baby is it his duty to administer Baptism if the parents object? (3) If an adult was dying and stated that he was not sure that he had been baptized, could a lay person give conditional Baptism? (4) If a baby were Jewish would a layman be allowed to baptize it?—J. B., BAYONNE, N. J.

(1) The ordinary minister of solemn Baptism, that is Baptism administered with all the solemn rites of the Church, is a Bishop or priest. The administration of solemn Baptism is reserved in Canon Law to the pastor of the parents. The extraordinary minister of solemn Baptism is a deacon. In case of necessity, however, any person having the use of reason can validly baptize, provided he pours water over the head of the person to be baptized and says while pouring: "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." It is sufficient that he have the intention of doing what the Church does, which would be in-

cluded in the will to perform a holy action in conformity with the practice of Christians. The baptized person should, if it is possible, receive the additional ceremonies of Baptism from his pastor later on.

(2) The sacrament ought to be administered but if the parents objected and the person desiring to baptize the infant could not do so without grave inconvenience, e. g., because of arguments, quarrels, threatenings, etc., he should omit the attempt.

(3) If there is time the party interested in helping to solve the dying man's doubt should communicate with the pastor or a priest, but if time does not permit a layman could administer the Sacrament conditionally, if in his judgment the doubt of the dying man is a reasonable one.

(4) All children who are likely to die before reaching the age of discretion or reason should be baptized, secretly if necessary, and without notifying the parents; but, as said above, if this cannot be done, then the dying infant must be left to the Providence of God.

Catholics and the Bible

Does the Catholic Church object to the reading of the Bible by Catholics? Are there both Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible?—S. R., NEW YORK.

The Catholic Church not only does not forbid the faithful to read the Bible, but she encourages them to do so. Several letters of the Popes could be cited to prove this. Moreover, Pope Leo XIII granted an indulgence in favor of those who read the Gospels daily for at least fifteen minutes. The problem of the Church is not to keep Catholics from reading the Bible, but to get them to read it. St. Jerome said that ignorance of the Bible was ignorance of Christ. There are Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible. The Church positively forbids Catholics to read the Protestant version, because this version is not the Bible as it has been handed down from the beginning. The Church does this that the faithful may have the true Bible, and not have their faith endangered by faulty translations, heretical glosses, erroneous commentaries, etc. In regard to translations of the Bible into the vernacular, the Church is very solicitous that the translations be approved by competent ecclesiastical authority before they may be circulated among the faithful. These restrictions the Church has always placed around the Bible for the preservation of sound doctrine, not for the purpose of withholding the Bible from the people.

Rules of Sign-Post

We wish to remind our subscribers of the rules of this department, especially that one which requires that the name and address of those submitting questions be given as evidence of good faith.

While questions are not answered by private letter, the giving of one's correct name and address enables the editor to use his discretion in this regard, especially when questions concern matters which cannot be answered in these pages. Failure to furnish correct name and address prevents the editor from doing this. The same result follows when false names and addresses are given.

Neither initials nor address will be printed in The Sign-Post, if the correspondent so desires.

It is another rule of The Sign-Post that questions which are part of a contest, such as are featured in some newspapers and periodicals will not be answered either in this department or by private letter.—EDITOR.

Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

SUPPORTING OUR ENEMIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your December issue was at its usual high standard. Yet the department "Current Fact and Comment," chiding "Gentlemen of the Press" for lethargy in Christian news-giving, to my mind, draws too fine a bead. It shoots so clearly through the bull's-eye, the scorer may have difficulty spotting it. If a large-bore shotgun had been used I believe the results would have been more satisfactory.

We must not forget that newspapers, like banks and stores, are operated for profit. Readers are the producers of this profit by purchasing newspapers and the products advertised in newspapers. The editorials of those papers are naturally influenced by the profit from advertisers and readers. Looks simple, does it not?

If the writings or news or editorials of a newspaper are unsatisfactory, who is to blame? To my mind, the reader is the culprit. Now you chide the "Gentlemen of the Press" for remaining silent in the face of Christian persecution in Russia, Mexico, Spain and Germany. Yet how loud these same supposedly "Christian gentlemen" became when our Jewish brethren were persecuted, or even before they were persecuted, e. g., when England threatened to withdraw its Mandate in Palestine.

We have not time nor energy to dissipate in race or creed prejudices, but Catholics have responsibilities. Or have modernistic Catholics shed them like some outside our Fold? One of our responsibilities is assumed on the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation when we are made "Soldiers" of Christ—and that glorious title deserves complete and honorable fulfillment. Are we as Catholics doing our bit or are we A.W.O.L. or asleep at our posts? What other organization has the glorious leadership, traditions and goal of our army, the Church Militant?

We have a Catholic daily, Catholic weeklies, monthlies and other periodicals to satisfy our desire for information on things local and world-wide. Why support our enemy?

WATERBURY, CONN.

GEORGE M. CORCORAN.

OBJECTIONS TO COLLECTIVIST HOUSING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I consider *THE SIGN* the brainiest or one of the brainiest of all Catholic publications. I do not believe you would knowingly support the wrong side of any question. Now "Housing Projects," it seems, is a cloak under which anything may happen; so also "Slum Clearance." I do not agree with your article in the January issue on "New Hope For Slum Dwellers" unless at least two things are corrected. First, new housing should be open for private purchase, long terms if necessary, thus saving families from forever paying rent. Second, the state-

ment that older houses should be condemned by public authorities for contamination is revolutionary and unwarranted. Paint, whitewash, soap, water, etc., would do the trick simply and easily. Such unwarranted statements by reformers is a direct attack upon the home, the base of society. Where do Catholic teachings of the inviolate right of the individual come in in this collective practice? Well—they simply are out.

I remember a few years back, whenever bigoted social workers or newspapers used the word "slum," referring to a supposedly inferior part of the city, our Catholic papers would promptly correct and inform the bigots that people living in these sections were honest, law-abiding, respectable, poor through no fault of their own, and that such insults were given to decent people as good and many times better than the bigots.

But times have changed. Someone coins a catchy slogan like "Slum Clearance" and everyone poll-parrots it around like a popular song without really knowing what it's all about, and leaving the worry to George. Well, someone should care. Honest poverty is associated with criminality and degradation. But is this so in most cases? A thousand times no! Crime and degradation are due primarily to lack of a religious foundation. Crime is very evenly divided amongst all classes of dwellings and sections. The modern criminal will not live in cheap or poor housing when up-to-date houses with all facilities are available to him.

It is an outrage for any city, state or government to attempt to seize by condemnation or any other process good homes belonging to law-abiding citizens against their free wills, in order to erect a house for somebody else. Such citizens are justified in taking any steps they think necessary to resist such effrontery.

However, if old houses are to be replaced, it should be done with the owner's consent. A new home should be built on the old location, giving him long-time payments in which to secure the house and land (say to from twenty-five to forty years.) Then he should be able to acquire both the home and land. Also there are hundreds of thousands of square miles of vacant land on which Housing Authorities may build without injuring anyone.

It has been frankly admitted by a representative of the Housing Bureau in Washington that those in the lowest income class could not pay the rents asked in government-subsidized apartments.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

"LUMINOUS."

Editor's Note: Our South Boston friend seems to have missed the whole point of the article he refers to. Seizure of land was *not* advocated. Exemption from taxes, as stated, is given to those who relinquish the land—which they may reclaim. The right of individuals to own their homes is not denied. Until then, what? Shall we withhold decent dwellings from them? No claim has been made that poverty *alone* is responsible for criminality. Certainly, in our opinion, vigorous action should be taken against landlords who refuse to "clean up" and make safe the dwellings they rent to others.

WANTED: MORE JOY AND HUMOR

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed please find my subscription price for *THE SIGN*. I enjoy your magazine very much indeed, but may I offer a suggestion? I would like to see your periodical carry more articles or stories reflecting the *joy* of Faith. Perhaps it is the strong attacks on Communism and the exposition of its resulting horrors which give *THE SIGN* a rather melancholy tone. Of course the spirit of the Church is sad because of the evils of our time, but the

spirit of the Church is also one of gladness: "*Servite Domino in laetitia.*"

In my humble opinion, a greater appeal to the average man will be made if more emphasis is placed upon the joy which Christ alone can give. Something to counteract the heaviness of heart which seems to result from the philosophy of futility, characteristic of our times, would certainly be a welcome addition to your very valuable magazine.

BROCKTON, MASS.

EUGENE A. DUPRE, JR.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A year ago when your Business Manager made a visit to St. Luke's parish in Whitestone, he gave us a "pep" talk on a subscription to *THE SIGN*. Now, I did not want to take a subscription, but dog-gone it, before he finished I was convinced that I couldn't get along without it.

I enjoyed that talk and I have found *THE SIGN* a very intellectual publication. But there's where the trouble lies, Father. It's too serious. The articles are excellent; by no means discontinue them. But couldn't you, on the other hand, inject something into the magazine to brighten up the heavy spots, like the comic relief for which the great plays of Shakespeare are famous?

How about some articles written expressly for Catholic youth? I'm twenty—I like things to be young. After all, Father, you want the "kids" to be readers as much as you want their parents, but you've got to keep them interested or they'll put down the magazine and start shaggin! How about it?

WHITESTONE, L. I., N. Y.

VERONICA NEWMAN.

Editor's Note: Appreciated comment. Perhaps we have been thinking so much of persecutions in Spain, Mexico, Germany and Russia; of refugees and wounded in China; of unemployed and neglected here, that we've become too serious. It is the Church's inspired and inspiring spirit of joy and hope that should be passed on, especially to our youth. We shall try not to neglect this message.

CLUBS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have often wondered why a movement has not been started here in the east for a club or association composed of graduates of parochial schools as a follow-up to their Catholic education. Every other creed or race has such a place in this town, but there are none for Catholic young men. I mean a real organization with an athletic, social and religious program. It would give many young men a place among their kind with similar feelings towards everything. I have watched many fine young Irish-American Catholics go wrong, where just a little interest and encouragement would have saved them.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

FRANK O'NEIL.

MORE REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your correspondent, J. L. Washila, erred in still another point when attacking my original communication bearing on errors contained in many Catholic textbooks used in American schools, listing Lafayette and other European leaders during the American Revolution as Catholics.

If my critic believes that the Society of Jesus operated in any Philadelphia church, during the presence of Kosciusko in the United States, viz. 1776 to 1786, and again from 1797 to May, 1798, he showed a poor knowledge of religious affairs. The fact is that the Jesuits were suppressed throughout the world by papal ban between

1773 and 1814, and St. Mary's church in Philadelphia, under the pastorate of Rev. R. Molyneux, was not under Jesuit control, but was entirely under the supervision of the secular clergy.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

W. A. L. STYLES, M. D.

"PUSSYFOOTING"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

There can never be a proper appreciation by those outside the Church of the clean, beautiful things that our Church has to offer its communicants, when we officially or otherwise assume a pussyfooting attitude on gambling and games of chance in the matter of raising Church funds. I expected, however, better things from *THE SIGN* than its compromising reply on Beano, as set forth in the December, 1938, issue.

It is just too bad, in the first place, that any convent found it necessary to stoop to such a cheap method of obtaining funds. Somebody in authority must be negligent or wanting in judgment to permit such a thing to take place in a convent atmosphere. The money required could have been obtained in some other legitimate way without criticism. Don't tell me it couldn't be so obtained, please! because I have helped to raise thousands of dollars for convent schools and churches. And it is too bad, in the second place, that your lady correspondent should have to think like too many other poor, deluded mortals do, that everybody who does not appreciate cheap gambling performances for obtaining funds for churches is narrow and bigoted.

What a pity! Yes, what a bad influence upon the morals of youth and on religion to attempt to hurdle over so deplorable a picture! How can we give approval to such example and expect our youth to be truly virtuous? You must know from the splendid support your paper has received to date from the rank and file of our Church people, that when the proper appeal is made in a decent way the response is healthy and the necessary support and co-operation is willingly given. It is just too bad that *THE SIGN* is not out fighting for the clean and wholesome way and against Beano programs, because today it is recognized generally as an out-and-out racket, and it has hurt and is hurting terribly the standing of the Church, wherever engaged in for church building or financial support purposes.

It is certainly a great shame that we so frequently put ourselves on unfavorable exhibit before non-Catholics, as mere professional Catholics, and not practical Catholics. We have everything so wonderful and desirable in religion and yet we throw it all away for cheapness! What a crime! No wonder we discourage and divert thousands of law-abiding and open-minded Protestants, who are sincerely honest and interested, from seeing the real advantages of joining with us, while such distasteful programs are blocking the ways.

As a Catholic, I detest such distasteful business, because it gives public scandal under Church auspices, and is inexcusable conduct for Christians to promote or endorse. We should at least be consistent, if we want others to follow along with us. We should measure up on good example to the world in ordinary things.

BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN A. WALSH.

Editor's Note: The old Romans had an axiom, which has generally been accepted by reasonable people, to the effect that *abusus non tollit usum*—the abuse of a thing is no reason for abandoning its use. This principle was kept in mind in the reply referred to above. Over-emphasis on abuses is apt to create a puritanic attitude, which sometimes causes more disorder than the abuses condemned. The Eighteenth Amendment was

a glaring example of this attitude. However, when a lesser good is turned into evil through evil circumstances and interferes with a greater good, the public authority may intervene and place an otherwise lawful thing, as games of chance, under a ban. Several Bishops in this country, recognizing the evils of beano, bingo, and the like, have explicitly forbidden them in their churches. Some States appear to have done the same.

CHINA RELIEF FROM A FAMILY OF TWELVE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed you will find a money order for two dollars for the "Hunan Relief Fund."

I read of the unfortunate condition of your spiritual charges in China in *THE SIGN* and was deeply touched by the descriptions of the misery of those people. I hope that the Passionists will keep up the good work in China as their apostolic labors at this particular time will prove more fruitful than in times of peace, when men are not so apt to appreciate the material and spiritual gifts of God.

We have a family of ten children and my wife and I have decided to start a little "Hunan Relief Fund" at home for your Chinese sufferers. We will send you the money we collect every month as long as we can.

Please write and tell us how to go about adopting a Chinese baby as I think this will stimulate the youngsters to help us increase our little fund by furnishing a goal for their savings. We would like to adopt one Chinese baby for each of our ten children and, if possible and proper, have each Chinese baby christened with the name of one of our own. In that way our children would act somewhat as godparents for the respective Chinese babies. Of course, if this is not practical, do not worry about it and we will try to send the money anyway if you will let us know the usual offering for an adoption.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

E. K. HEAP.

Editor's Note: An example of zeal, indeed! This unselfish family has its own problems, but has not forgotten others. The offering for an "adoption" is usually \$5.00, which helps to supply food, clothes and medicine for orphaned children. The missionaries are happy to give the names requested.

STARTING BOOK CLUBS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The following message is one of a number received by me in connection with my article in the December issue, "Reading for Catholic Action." This letter shows what actually can be done in the formation of Book Clubs or Reading Circles.—PAUL MCGUIRE.

DEAR MR. MCGUIRE:

I was one of the fortunate people who heard your lecture at the Sulgrave Club here in Washington last winter. Your reports of the Jocist and its associated movements were very thrilling and, on the strength of them, I bought a copy of your address for each of my young ladies who are members of the Study Guild (a group of young women devoted to study and Catholic Action) of which I am the leader.

They were immediately fired with a desire for doing something really worthwhile, and thus began the work which has resulted in the Reading Room and Circulating Library, the card for which I enclose for your files. We checked our books with the list accompanying your article in the December issue of *THE SIGN* and we have an almost complete list of them.

We hope that you will refer any applicants in Washington to us. In a few days we will have a sign which will plainly mark our room and, if our hours are not agreeable to those interested in our project, we shall co-operate in any way with them.

1725 RHODE ISLAND AVE.,

MRS. ROBERT L. WALSH.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor's Note: We shall communicate soon with those who sent cards stating their wish to form Book Clubs. For our new friends: In the December number of *THE SIGN* (page 285), Mr. McGuire suggested that those who are interested in forming such clubs or reading circles send a postal card to him in care of *THE SIGN*. In the upper corner of the card write the name of your state, city or town. Beneath list the name of your parish. Under that list your name and address.

To those who missed reading this article we suggest that they secure a copy of the December issue which is still available. We should like to receive more cards as soon as possible to facilitate the project of forming these Reading or Book Clubs. Do not miss Mr. McGuire's free lecture, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, when he is in your vicinity.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.C., Duluth, Minn.; A.M.McC., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.C. J.L., Union, N.J.; M.V.O'H., Brooklyn, N.Y.; A.D., Scranton, Pa.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.J., Dorchester, Mass.; E.M., Alanco, Texas; A.N., Troy, N.Y.; M.C.M.D., New Orleans, La.; M.C.W., Franklin, Mass.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Poor Souls, M.A.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Immaculate Conception, Bronx, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, E.R.P., Penfield, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M.A.B., Union City, N.J.; Sacred Heart, D.A.S., Long Island, N.Y.; Mother Mary, E.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, H.L.T., Dushore, Pa.; Sacred Heart, A.C., Dorchester, Mass.; St. Anthony, Infant Jesus, A.F.C., Kansas City, Kansas; Blessed Lady, M.M., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.C.L., Oswego, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.A.F., Detroit, Mich.; Blessed Mother, M.F.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.C.C., Irvington, N.J.; Sacred Heart, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; St. Anne, E.M., Alanco, Texas; Our Lady of Miraculous Medal, R.D.R., New Brighton, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, S.D., Wilmington, Del.; Blessed Mother, M.D.A., Chelsea, Mass.; Blessed Mother Mary, Souls in Purgatory, M.A.S., Smithtown, L.I.; Blessed Mother Mary, Christ Child, E.L., Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Blessed Mother, Our Savior, H.P.S., Jackson Heights, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, R.E.H., Brighton, Mass.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart, M.McC., East Milton, Mass.; Blessed Virgin, M.N.T.E., Louisville, Ky.; Souls in Purgatory, M.R., Indianapolis, Ind.; Poor Souls, M.P., St. Louis, Mo.; W.R.G., Jersey City, N.J.; H.B.F., Old Orchard, Me.; M.C.M.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.; D.E.E., Swisssdale, Pa.; F.C., Medford, Mass.; M.A.C., Amsterdam, N.Y.; M.G.L.D., St. Louis, Mo.; M.A.McD., Dorchester, Mass.; V.Y., Elizabeth, N.J.; M.J.M., W. Stoughton, Mass.; K.B., Dorchester, Mass.; S.M.A., Far Rockaway, N.Y.; A.C.M., Hollis, L.I., N.Y.; Sacred Heart, M.B.M., Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.G., Springfield, Ohio; St. Paul of the Cross, B.R., Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.; Souls in Purgatory, G.K., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Poor Souls, C.L., Omaha, Nebr.; Our Mother of Perpetual Help, M.W.G., St. Louis, Mo.; Poor Souls, A.W., Gratiot, Wis.

Monopoly, Communism and Property

Two Remedies Proposed to Cure the Evils of Capitalism—Monopoly and Communism—Are Much Worse Evils Than the Disease They Are Supposed to Cure

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE ABUSE of property has caused great suffering all over the modern world. The name most people give to that abuse is "Capitalism"—the concentration of ownership in the means of livelihood by a few, and the consequent destitution of the many who are compelled to work under conditions of insecurity and insufficiency for the small minority of really independent owners.

The suffering had grown grievous in many forms; the farmer ruined by mortgage and speculation in food; the small shopkeeper by debt and unrestricted competition; the small craftsman, carpenter, smith and whatnot losing his independence and turned into a wage slave, dependent on the will of vast concentrated units of capital which ordered about armies of non-owners in their factories. Even the owners, as we have seen, were growing more and more insecure, as, under the effect of unrestricted competition and universal gambling (called by the prettier name "speculation"), there was less and less stability in ownership even by the rich.

These great evils, this accumulation of suffering, clamored for a remedy. At first sight, the root of the whole trouble was the private ownership of land and machinery and stores of food and housing, etc., and more especially the private control of credit:—the modern banking system in the hands of a few. The apparent and obvious remedy for the evils of our time seemed, therefore, to be the getting rid of this private property, the elimination of the principle and action of private property, whence so many evils had proceeded. That was the apparently obvious shortcut: the apparently obvious "way out" of our troubles.

Note here in passing, that mankind as individuals, and still more in the mass, has always tended to take these shortcuts. The temptation to take them is almost overwhelming and it needs not only a sound philosophy, but a powerful exercise of that philos-

ophy to guide men towards a proper solution.

Take as an example the evil of toothache. The obvious and immediate remedy is to have the aching tooth pulled out. But mankind discovers even in the minor example of teeth that the shortcut is a mistake. Men cannot get on without teeth, and even when they learn to make artificial teeth, these are not very satisfactory. The shortcut should be replaced by preserving teeth as much as possible, by certain rules of management and cleanliness, and by expert and well-applied dentistry.

In the major example of marriage, the apparently obvious shortcut proves (as our modern society is beginning to find out) a source of even greater evils than those which it attempts to set right. The proper way out is to practice mutual forbearance, to insist upon the sanctity of the marriage tie, to bear with the evils, even in an acute form, rather than to weaken or destroy the institution.

Now so it is with the institution of private property. It has led, under the action of unrestrained competition and universal greed, to all the economic evils we see around us. "Let us then" (say impatient people and those who are suffering most acutely) "eliminate the root of the evil and get rid of private property." That is the false remedy; that is the shortcut and if we take it, we shall find the remedy worse than the disease.

There are two forms of attack upon the institution of property: the first is the formation of monopolies and quasi-monopolies; the concentration of property under few controls.

UNDER systems of monopolies and quasi-monopolies, rapidly spreading until they cover almost the whole field of economic action, the main evils arising from property are eliminated. We get rid of competition obviously, for under monopoly there is no competition—that is the very

meaning of monopoly. We even get rid of insecurity, for the great monopolies can be made stable, through the exercise of their unlimited power; and even the multitude who are the victims of monopoly, the out-of-works and the millions who, though they are employed, are not secure in their employment, can be safeguarded by social laws, which provide relief, etc.

The second form of the attack on property is the putting of all control into the hands of the State, taking away the rights of property altogether from the monopolists as well as from their victims and turning us all into slaves of the State. This again appears to be an immediate and satisfactory solution. It is a very obvious one. It is following "the line of least resistance" and that is why under the name "Communism" it appeals so strongly to suffering mankind today.

Now when we come to examine these two forms of attack on property, we discover that they are remedies worse than the disease. They lead to evils, to human suffering and degradation worse than those attaching to the institution of property.

LET us take these forms of attack on property in their order and first consider the attack on property by way of monopoly, that is, of trusts, and the concentration of power in a few vast aggregations of capital.

At first sight, this may seem not to be an attack on property at all. It comes gradually, almost instinctively, and in its progress it depends all the time upon the rights of property established by our laws. For instance, one set of chain stores controlled by a few men is in competition with another set of chain stores. The two form a combine or "merger;" two sets of monopolies make a contract whereby both of them combined eliminate competition and form a monopoly in this particular function, which monopoly covers all society.

The contract is enforced by the laws in the name of private property. Con-

tract being a function of private property, the contract which the two monopolies have made, merging them in one body, is safeguarded by exactly those principles which safeguard the property of the small storekeeper; and apparently this form of attack on property is not an attack on property at all.

But on closer examination, we discover that monopoly is essentially an attack upon the institution of property. Though it bases itself on the rights of property and the legal definition thereof, on the power of the groups to enforce contracts and on the action of society in punishing those who break a contract or invade the property of others, yet it undermines and destroys the institution of property for the following reason: *property is only a true institution in society, a strong and healthy institution, when property is well distributed.*

When the great mass of men have no property worth speaking of, when the real control of the farms is in the hands of a few controllers of credit, a few great owners of the credit system—that is, of the banks, when the instruments for the production of industrial wealth are not in the possession of the workers, but of great capitalist organizations, the institution of property has, in effect, disappeared.

Property is no longer a social institution when only a few are owners and the mass of men are destitute of ownership. This does not mean that property as an institution demands the ownership of land and instruments by every family in the community.

For property to be a true and workable and healthy institution, you must have what may be called "a determining number" of owners. Exactly how large that number should be cannot be exactly defined. It is, like everything else, a question of degree. But we very soon discover the difference between a society in which too small a number own or control the means of production leaving the rest at their mercy, and a society in which so large a number of families and individuals control property that property as a principle is taken for granted and supported by society as a whole.

TAKE the parallel case of the normal family, the home wherein we take for granted the presence of children, the care and upbringing of the children by their parents. Such a normal society, accepting the idea of children in the home, and taking it for granted, does not mean that every home has children. In some homes

there will be none; in some only one child. Nevertheless, there is so large a number of roofs under which the normal family with its accompaniment of children live, that this number "determines" the whole character of society. The number of households with children forms what we call "a determining number." All society is colored by that fact.

IT is so with social institutions and it is so with property. Property is normal and moral, functions healthily, is taken for granted, supported by general opinion, etc. When "a determining number" of individuals and families own land or capital in an amount sufficient to guarantee independence and security, the owners in such a society of well-distributed property will not be co-extensive with the whole of society. Not every individual, nor every family, will own land and capital in a sufficient amount and the separate ownerships will be in various amounts. There will be small and large owners, but there will at any rate be a sufficient number of owners to make a "determining number" and when you have that condition, property flourishes and has a sound moral basis and is stable.

Look at the old farming communities of colonial America. A belt (indeed all) of America, in the North at least, during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century, or at any rate, the first half thereof, was based on free owners. Though a large proportion of men and families depended on a wage, though not everyone owned a land or capital, yet the general tone of society was based on the ownership of land and capital because the number of those in secure possession of land and capital in a sufficient amount determined the general character of the State. When that balance is upset, when the numbers without property become an overwhelming proportion, property as an institution is destroyed. All the efforts which men make to create monopolies, or even to make very great accumulations of capital, are an attack on property and, as things now are, it is the most dangerous form of attack because it is the most gradual and follows what seems like an inevitable development.

The second form of attack, the theory and practice of Communism, is more insistent and better understood. The evils which it entails are less apparent because they have not yet been experienced. A Communist organization of society appeals to the suffering and to the oppressed because it is the obvious way out of their troubles. Of what other troubles they would have to endure if Communism

were established they are unaware.

Now what are these troubles, what are the evils attaching to Communism? They are exactly the same evils as attach to any other system denying human freedom and the exercise of human free will; they are the evils attaching to chattel slavery, the evils attaching to prison life. Where the mass of men are chattel slaves, that is, slaves of the other men who own their bodies, the slaves are generally well fed, or they could not do their work. They are by custom provided with a certain amount of leisure. They have a certain measure of recreation. They are certainly secure in most material things which they consume.

But they are slaves and because they are slaves, they suffer the worst which man can suffer. So with prison life. The prisoner is sufficiently fed, sufficiently housed and clothed; but he is degraded. The citizen of a Communist State has had taken from him the exercise of his free will. He is wholly in the hands of masters who are none the less his masters because they bear the title of officials.

WHAT is more, human nature being what it is, officials who control the mass of men in a Communist State, the slave-drivers, as they may be called, will certainly sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—use their particular position to enrich themselves and to form a separate and privileged class. In other words, this form of attack on property, Communism, would produce in the long run all those evils of inequality and subjection, of class privilege, which monopolists and capitalists produce. The two forms of attack on property bear the same fruit ultimately. That fruit is a society where the many are wholly in the hands of the few.

Because Communism is the more explicit, the more open attack on property of the two, it is not the most insidious. But both forms of attack are thoroughly immoral. They are both in conflict with Christian tradition, that is with the Catholic ethic: the Catholic affirmation upon social right and wrong.

But if these two forms of attack are each to be rejected, if each of these remedies is worse than the disease, what other remedy remains? The right remedy, the true way out, is the restoration of property as an institution by its wide diffusion. Most men, occupied with the immediate conditions of today, will tell you that such a return to better conditions is impossible. They are wrong. Sane and well-distributed property can be restored, and how that can be done we shall consider in the next article of this series.

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

FABLE OF THE HOT DOG STAND

• **REPRINTING** a story carried by one of its industrial contemporaries, "Chats" hints at the psychology of depression:

There was a man who lived by the side of the road, and he sold hot dogs.

He was hard of hearing, so he had no radio. He had trouble with his eyes, so he read no newspapers.

But he sold good hot dogs. He put signs up on the highway, telling how good they were. He stood on the side of the road and cried, "Buy a hot dog, mister?" And people bought.

He increased his meat and bun order. He bought a bigger stove, to take care of his trade. He finally got his son home from college to help him.

But then something happened. His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio? Haven't you been reading the newspaper? There's a big depression on. The European situation is terrible. The domestic situation is worse. Everything's going to pot."

Whereupon the father thought, "Well, my son's been to college, he reads the papers and listens to the radio, and he ought to know."

So the father cut down on his meat and bun orders, took down his advertising signs, and no longer bothered to stand out on the highway and sell his hot dogs. And his sales fell off almost overnight.

"You're right, son," the father said to his boy. "We certainly are in the middle of a great depression."

PROPAGANDA ON THE SCREEN

• **THE invasion** of the motion picture field by propagandists is described by Thomas J. Fitzmorris in "America":

Take them all in all, the newsreels are a sad lot, but what is to be said of such presentations as *The March of Time*? Under cover of a popular delusion that it is a "news" feature, the editors have discussed a whole range of knotty problems with fulsome and one-sided comment. In world affairs, the anti-Fascist note is blared while anti-Communism is conspicuous by its absence. Toward the Catholic Church, the subtly hostile attitude of its parent in print, *Time Magazine*, and its more recent uncle, *Life*, is maintained. Motion picture exhibitors are becoming aware of the fact that such presentations are turning their theatres into ideological battlegrounds and must eventually realize an adverse effect on the box-office. In an editorial in the *Motion Picture Herald*, the most influential trade journal of the industry, under date of April 2, 1938, it was stated that the publisher, Martin Quigley, "considers the theatre badly served by pictures calculated to stir hates and hisses." Incidentally, it was *Time* which, smarting over the *Herald's* disapproval of its rabble-rousing *Inside Nazi Germany* release, labeled its publisher "Johnny-one-note of the trade press." The note, which is apparently held in slight esteem by *Time*, is decency in motion pictures.

TOO LATE!

• **AN AMUSING incident** illustrating the relations between the Duke of Windsor and his grandfather King Edward VII is related by Compton Mackenzie in "The Windsor Tapestry":

It is impossible to study the earlier life of Edward VII without being reminded continually of his grandson, and if that grandson was spared most of the horrors of that earlier education we may fairly assume that he owed a measure of gratitude to his grandfather for that relief. We know that there was a deep affection between the two. Prince Christopher of Greece has recently told a charming story of the small boy's tugging at his grandfather's sleeve while he was talking away at lunch. King Edward who was in the middle of an anecdote sternly bade him to be silent, but when he had finished turned to him with a smile and asked what he wanted to say. "It doesn't matter now, grandfather. I was going to tell you there was a slug in your salad, but you've eaten it."

SPORT FOR SPORT'S SAKE

• **THE unsuccessful efforts** of a newspaper to improve the culture of its readers is narrated by John Kieran in "We Saw It Happen":

This is—presumably—a free country and *vox populi, vox Dei*. The esteemed *Chicago Tribune* once decided to curtail its accounts of professional sports in favor of longer stories of jolly good amateur competition by fine chaps really interested in sports for sport's sake and all that sort of thing. An inspiring program. The beetle-browed, broken-nosed bruisers of the prize ring were to be ignored. Common ball players were to be put in their place. The raffish of horse racing was to be squelched in small type. For a time the *Tribune* columns were filled with fine stories of fine fellows, glorious accounts of gentlemanly games, y'know. But not for long. They were caviar to the general. An anguished circulation department set up a yowl that Constant Reader and Old Subscriber were demanding the grosser fodder of professional sports in the style to which they had been accustomed. N.B.: They got it.

THE TIMESAVER

• **ONE of many true-to-life descriptions** is taken from "Daily—Except Sundays" by Ed Streeter:

About two minutes before the train arrives at its destination, the timesavers go into action. Springing up as a group, they push past every obstacle and rush to the end doors. There they stand, like old fire horses waiting for their stalls to open.

They are quite harmless unless one of them happens to be sitting beside you and next to the window. They can be spotted quite easily. Usually they begin to get ready to save time about ten minutes before the train arrives. The paper is folded and placed under the arm.

They run through their pockets (probably a reflection on you). Finally they dust their knees and cough.

All this is the signal for rising. Towering above you they glare down, silently demanding passage. One may, of course, ignore them. In that event, however, they will either crawl over your knees as they would over a hedge fence or attempt to crash through them like underbrush.

Some people compromise by bending the knees outward so that there is just room to squeeze by. When the party is halfway through the opening it is then possible to suddenly crush him against the back of the seat ahead. This is an amusing experience. It is apt to end in a scene, however, and is not recommended for beginners.

The most dignified solution is to step into the aisle, allowing the timesaver to pass unhindered. Then try to sneer at him as he passes in such a way as to indicate that you are relieved to be rid of him.

SPANISH FANCY ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS CRIB

• *THE imagination of devout Christians has ever been stirred by the thought of the crib of Bethlehem. Nesta de Robeck in her recent book on the history of "The Christmas Crib," tells about the ox and the ass and the poetic sentiment of the Spaniards regarding animals at Christmas:*

At what date the ox and ass appeared as performers in the dramas is uncertain; they are not mentioned in the earliest texts, but they had never been absent from Nativity iconography; for nearly a thousand years they had been dear to Christians, as having warmed the Infant Saviour with their breath. All kinds of symbolical meanings had been attached to them, and their presence was sanctified not only by traditional sentiment, but by the beautiful interpretation expressed in the Christmas antiphon: "Oh great mystery and most admirable Sacrament, that Christ should lie in the manger between animals!"

It is no wonder that medieval fancy, which so loved stories of animals, should be busy over these two favored beasts. It was said, indeed, that all animals had power to speak on Christmas night, when creation was celebrating the birth of Christ, and until comparatively recently in parts of Spain the Midnight Mass was still called the Mass of the Cock, for he, beating his wings, cried *Christus natus est* (Christ is born) to which the ox, lowing, asked, *ubi?* (where?) to be answered by the goats and sheep bleating, Bethlehem; while the crow cried *quando?* (when?) and the ass brayed at all the company, *eamus!* (let us go).

ESSAY ON A COW

• *TRACING the quotation from source to source, E. R. Eastman of the "American Agriculturist" finally gets around to the masterpiece itself:*

The most important part of the cow is the receptacle in which the milk is prepared and stored. This is called the udder. By a clever arrangement this is divided into four compartments, each with a separate tap. By this means the milk is divided at its source, so that one part goes to the landlord, one to the mortgagee, one to the government, and one to the farmer. Sometimes one of the compartments will be defective, and in such cases the farmer is always omitted.

The cow is a very simple animal. Her principal pleasure is that of getting in front of motor cars. For this reason many kindhearted farmers turn their herd on

to the road toward dusk on Sunday evening, as the city motor traffic is returning homewards, so that as many of their cows as possible may join in this simple amusement.

In recent years there has been a very commendable movement to improve the general standard of cows. The method adopted is simple, but very effective. Once a year every farmer selects the worst of his cows and sells them to other farmers. These are called "culls" except when you do this for yourself, in which case they are known as specially selected pedigree stock.

EATING IN TURKEY

• *SOME aspects of eating in Turkey are described by Douglas Chandler in the "National Geographic Magazine":*

Whether it be the stimulation of Ankara's winelike air or an aversion to wasting time in sleep, I cannot guess, but this city likes to stay up all night.

"I have sat as President Ataturk's dinner guest from nine in the evening until seven next morning, with hardly a break in the conversation," a foreign ambassador told me.

"Were you not exhausted?" I inquired, incredulous of such a feat.

"Not at all! The magnetism of that extraordinary man was such that he could animate a whole tableful of guests to marathons of discourse."

The Karpic Restaurant is a sort of unofficial department of the State. High officials stage many of their dinners here.

White-aproned, a sardonic smile on his clever, handsome old face, Karpic circulates about the hall, seeing all, hearing all, knowing every whim of his guests. In the midst of a course arrives a waiter with some delicious and extravagant item not printed on the menu.

"I am not content with the dish you are eating," announces Karpic. Plates are whisked away and the new concoction takes its place. No additional charge! So over-generous is he that at intervals come economic difficulties; but new capital from some mysterious source rescues him and he carries on anew.

I saw a characteristic gesture of this beloved buffoon. The room was hot. A group in the corner wished the multipaned window by their table opened. Waiters could not budge it. Karpic floated into the picture, wrapped a large napkin about his fist and, mounting a chair, punched out all the offending panes with stiff right jabs. Bowing with his gallant grin, he declaimed: "Gentlemen, you now have your fresh air!"

A SURGEON TO ST. LUKE

• *OBSERVING a copy of "A Journalist's Prayer" in last month's issue of THE SIGN, Canon Arthur Jackman sent us some copies of the "Holy Roodlets." We find in one number this unusual prayer of a surgeon before an operation:*

Dear St. Luke, friend and medical adviser to St. Paul, guide my hand and my eye for the sake of my patient. Steady my nerves and my scalpel; watch the microbes and the nurses; make muscles, veins, arteries and nerves behave according to the book; keep an eye on the anaesthetist. Save us all from lapses of memory, fraying of tempers, confusion of bottles and instruments, miscounting of swabs and blunders of diagnosis. If it is "kill or cure," please cure; if it is "kill or maim," please maim, but save my patient and my reputation. And as there is no time for more praying, I say: Amen.

PUBLISHERS ARE MODEST!

• *SOME of the opinions publishers have—or say they have—of their books are collected by L. Hagemann in "The Liguorian":*

I thought I heard the ghost of Bacon snort and groan as he read the advertisements over my shoulder and perhaps he had reason, for this is what he read:

"One of the most amusing light novels ever written.

"The greatest dog story since "The Call of the Wild."

"Not only her best but one of the greatest novels of the year."

"The most magnificent piece of fiction before the world today."

"The most illuminating challenge to fresh thinking all along the line."

"One of the greatest imaginative stories ever told."

"In most ways the greatest English writer of the last 25 years."

"Sheer imprisoned beauty. The most charming, most amusing, the loveliest love story that anyone has ever read."

Yes, yes, and also the most complete, most senseless, most exasperating orgy of superlatives that I have ever encountered.

Sometimes an unusual departure appeared: "One of the finest pieces of imaginative engineering in many, many moons." (Machine age literature that creaks appearing as early as 1922. But then Mr. Wells was writing even before that date.)

These brave statements were also used to start books into the best seller class and possibly a prize:

"a skillful and courageous effort." Such modesty was rare.

"among the first of the honest studies of women in American fiction."

"a perfectly finished bit of fiction."

"the clear unmistakable light of genius."

"without question the sensation of the season."

"epoch-making book."

"A book of which America should be quietly but surely proud."—All together now—beam.

"Its theme is little short of sensational."

"Being printed night and day on six presses."

In 1922 this appeared:

"The book all will have to read because everyone will be talking about it."

This is the 1938 version:

"Tell your friends about it before they tell you."

BENNY GOODMAN DEMENTIA

• *THE low state of civilization among youth of New York City is described by a writer in the "World Telegram":*

Benny Goodman and his swing band at the Paramount Theater this week are reported to have brought out such a stampede of jitterbugs that the real show takes place in the audience instead of on the stage.

The jitterbugs are the Holy Rollers of Broadway. They yell their refrain, "We want Benny!" with all the fervor of a convert at a Southern camp meeting. They average 15 to 18 years old. They go at their swing with utter youthful abandon.

Primitive religionists would explain them as possessed by Satan, and perhaps Dr. Freud could do no better. They outwhirl the dervishes, and when there's the unoccupied space of a razor blade they leap out into the aisle to shag. Otherwise they rise in their seats and

virtually burst into flame. They moan and convulse as the band puts in its hot licks. After hours of it they still retain breath to shriek, "We want Benny!"

Quite a problem on any theater's hands! The victims have found that by coming early for the first program and staying all afternoon they can hear Benny Goodman's orchestra three times while having to look at the picture only twice. And even then they relax and shout down the actors by calling for "Flat Foot Floogie" and "Begin the Beguine." Meanwhile at the door other cases of perambulating dementia stand waiting five hours for space inside. Turnover is practically nil, and the wear and tear is terrific.

We mention these phenomena not because we have any remedy but as a faithful report of the times. Sometimes you can calm a swarm of angry bees by beating on tin pans, but even Benny Goodman doesn't have a settling effect on these youngsters. While waiting for enlargements to the padded cell block cold-blooded onlookers can only be thankful that the attack seems to be localized and, although it's violent, delirium tremens may be worse.

HOPE FOR DEMOCRACY

• *"THE REVIEW OF POLITICS," a quarterly published by the University of Notre Dame, makes its initial bow with the January issue. The following is from "Parties and the Common Good" by Mortimer Adler, which appears in that issue:*

The movement of history seems to be in the direction of democracy. Some of its principles were envisaged in the ancient world, and some quite explicitly stated in medieval thought. But it has taken centuries of economic, cultural and social change to give some of these principles embodiment in working political institutions. This permits the optimistic conclusion that future changes of a pre-political sort will make a more complete incorporation of democratic principles possible; though one is entitled to pessimism about the immediately future period during which the totalitarianisms and the disguised oligarchies will have to wear themselves out. When they perish, democracy may emerge full-grown.

HOUSING IN THE U. S. A.

• *MR. CHARLES STEVENS concludes with the following severe indictment his study of housing which appeared in the "Atlantic" under the title "Housing—A National Disgrace":*

The government has no scruples about battling the electric utilities industry on the plea that this is the means to cheaper power. It can interfere with banking to deflate interest rates. It can impose restrictions on business generally. It can see signs of monopoly among the doctors, automobile manufacturers and milkmen. But it cannot seek to evolve a housing industry and bring building prices within reach of the masses because of "an infinite number of difficulties," which in the final analysis are the leaders of 700,000 unionized building tradesmen who constitute but a small portion of all builders in the country, who are 25 to 45 per cent continuously unemployed, and who are today loading the relief rolls of the nation.

The government prefers to tolerate abuses and dictation as to how it shall build rather than risk antagonizing this small faction; it prefers to subsidize

inefficiency and mislead the taxpayers concerning its activity in order to hold their support for a program which gives a relief status to an alarmingly large percentage of the population of the country, and which inevitably must lead to bankruptcy if carried to its already planned conclusion.

MODEL WOMAN

• *OUR contemporary, "The Cross," clipped this doubtful tribute from "Pearson's":*

I know a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbors down
When she goes out to tea.

She never gossips after church
Of dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing-school
And joins them in their chats.

She never beats a salesman down
Nor asks for pretty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.

These statements may seem very strange—
At least they may to some;
But just remember this my friends—
This woman's deaf and dumb.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

• *NEED for reading the lives of the Saints is brought out by Ward Clarke writing in the "Preservation of the Faith":*

For many years books about pious men and women have been rewarded with that complete disinterest which is the usual reward of virtue. For some strange reason, readers shy away from such works, either under the mistaken belief that our modern writers are still writing the pious drivel that characterized many Catholic biographies before the recent resurgence of Catholic thought, or because they feel that such books are *per se* arid and intended only for very pious nuns.

But whatever the cause of this lack of interest, there can be no doubt that its ultimate result will be a pernicious anemia of Catholic spirituality. Therefore, it is of greatest importance that Catholics consider the lives of those who have gone before, bearing the light of faith. Catholics must be stirred to action by the appeal of hero worship. For men are not easily moved from their lethargy, and it takes sometimes the guidance of a hero to make them storm the heights. In the battle of spiritual advancement there must be the dynamic magnetism of a spiritual man on horseback.

THE POOR OR THE PROLETARIAT?

• *DESPITE the "outstretched hand" of the Communist, he differs so radically from the Christian that none of us should be deceived. In his recent excellent book, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," Fulton J. Sheen calls attention to one of these differences:*

The Communists speak only of the proletariat; the Christian speaks of the poor. The proletariat is the worker who can be used to overthrow existing society and set up a Soviet régime, the poor is every man—he may even be the Communist who hates you. The proletariat is the abstract—the mass, the collectivity, the

mob that can be thrown into hysteria by their "vanguard and leader" as the Communist Party calls itself; the poor is the concrete—the personal, the unemployed barber, the sick minister without a pulpit, the Jewish father who has just lost his sole supporting son. The proletariat is a class; the poor is every man—friend and enemy. The proletariat wants not only his own goods but those of his neighbor; the poor wants to have sufficient of his own goods and believes his neighbor should have the same. The Communist wants to help the proletariat to hasten the revolution; the Christian wants to help the poor to help his salvation. The Communist wants to make the proletariat hate his employer as a thief; the Christian wants to make the employer practice a moral virtue and give to every man his due. The Communist feeds the proletariat to make more wealth for the state; the Christian feeds the poor to leave his soul free to think about something else than a stick and a hammer.

THE ENGLISH ARE SHY AND RESERVED!

• *SOME proofs that the English are not quite so shy and reserved as common opinion would have us believe are offered by Mary L. Hennigan in the "Catholic World":*

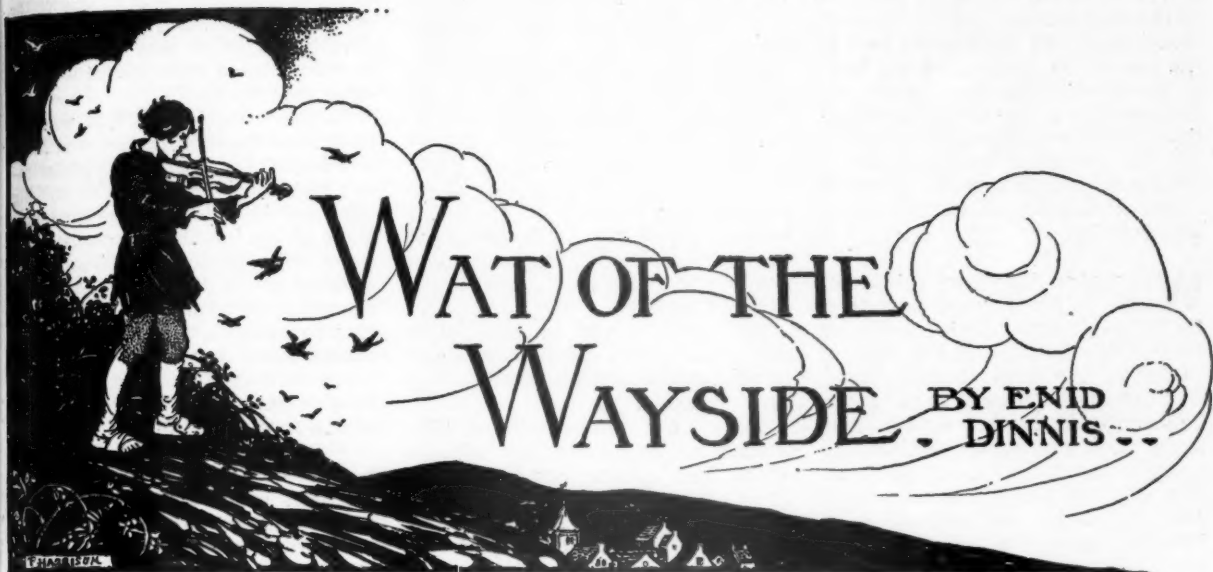
In the subscriber's column these shy Britons discuss themselves quite candidly and even, perhaps, a bit complacently. "We are," says Lord Mottistone, "a rich caravan, passing through a predatory world, with a small escort."

"One's dominant feeling," says another, a well-known political writer, "is pride that we are to be pioneers through a wilderness of passion and fear. We are trusted; no one else would be." The gem in this particular collection, however, is submitted by a third contributor who confesses that he has been keeping this passage from the Earl of Clarendon's Restoration Year speeches (made in 1660) by him for citation in the psychological moment, "If ever such a moment should come." Evidently he believes it has, since he transcribes the passage in full. Here is the meat of it: "Join in restoring the whole nation, its primitive temper and integrity, its old good manners, good humor and good nature—good nature, a virtue so peculiar to you, so appropriated by God Almighty Himself to this nation, that it can be translated into no other language, hardly practiced by any other people . . .!"

AN OLD "BEST-SELLER"

• *IN ALL this talk about modern "best-sellers" we are apt to forget some of the old-timers. "Publishers Weekly" gives the following information on the works of Mark Twain:*

November 30th was the 103rd anniversary of the birth of Mark Twain. Harper says that Mark Twain is still one of the liveliest authors on their lists, and *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* should head any best-seller lists, both books having long since passed the million mark in sales. In 1935, on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of Mark Twain's birth, the publishers announced that since Mark Twain's death in 1910 they had paid into the estate more than \$1,250,000 in royalties. In one year, 1924-1925, the figure was \$91,000, for each of the succeeding years \$75,000, and for each of the past eight years more than \$50,000. These figures do not include huge royalties from stage and screen productions. Since 1896 Harper & Brothers have sold more than 6,500,000 copies of the humorist's works, and the total sales are more than ten million volumes.



ALL this happened in the old days, before the invention of airplanes, or even railways, or electric light, or thermos flasks and the like.

In the England in which the Chequers Inn then stood, where Wat fraternized with the post-horses (they dole out gasoline there nowadays) they still set people in the stocks for the crime of destitution, and pressed men into the navy to protect her from "Boney." There were still child-waifs and strays in those days who picked up a living much as a stray cat does in our own times. Wat was, or had been, one of these.

They had discovered the child on the wayside, near the Chequers Inn, and Josiah Buckram, its landlord, having a large family of his own and commodious premises to keep them on, took in the stray child. He appeared to be about three years old—he might prove worth his keep later on. Josiah's wife, Ann Buckram, was just a little dubious. She was a kind enough soul and fond of most live things, but one never quite knew what one was getting with a stray child. It was not like the horses and cows that one bought at the market. One never knew what a child might turn out—it possessing a soul, as it were.

Wat came by his name in a queer way—he was unable to tell them what his existing name was. "What are you going to call him?" Dr. Malcolmson, the apothecary, asked Josiah, and the latter being hard of hearing had answered, "what?" "Wat. Not a bad name. Short and practical," the doctor had answered.

He loved his little joke. He being a

Scotsman pronounced the interrogative "fwat," but Josiah took the suggestion seriously, and so the waif became known as Wat.

Wat was a queer child; he developed slowly, but he was by no means an idiot. He was able to be useful with the horses at quite an early age. He had no opportunity of testing his ability for book learning for there was never any suggestion of sending him to school along with the other children. Perhaps that helped to make the aloofness in Wat's character more marked. He was a person by himself at the Chequers, with more affinity it seemed to the horses and dogs than to the human species.

"There's something strange about the child," Mrs. Buckram would say to her husband; and then add, "but he's a good enough little fellow"—a conclusion which relieved her mind considerably, for Ann Buckram always had an uncomfortable feeling in her mind as to whether the stray child had been baptized. They had taken it for granted. Certainly it would have been a breach of the proper thing to baptize a child twice over, even to make sure. Parson Davis had impressed that on her. Wat had not received his new name at the font. It would have been rather unseemly, seeing that it was originally a joke of the doctor's.

So Wat grew into boyhood. Baptized or otherwise, he accompanied the others to church on Sunday, sitting on the bench at the back behind the rows of high-backed pews above which the upperparts of the gentry loomed into view. Wat was thankful

that he didn't have to sit in a pew like the Parsonage children. They could see nothing of the wonderful doings that went on where the players of the fiddles supplied the music that accompanied and disciplined the singing of the metrical psalms at the evening service.

There was Gaffer Brown's big bass viol, and Tom Croger's lesser viol which Parson, who had been to Italy, called a "chello." Gaffer Brown's bass viol was very bass. It emulated the deep notes of the organ and lent a lugubrious richness to the psalms and hymns of praise in use on great occasions. "Verily, a base viol," Dr. Malcolmson had once remarked, commenting rather on Gaffer Brown's handling of the instrument than on the instrument itself. Dr. Malcolmson was himself an expert fiddler and on the great occasions he would bring along his fiddle to church and assist Tom Cripps who was scraping out the melody on his cello, which Doctor had once explained to Wat meant a little big fiddle.

WAT was ravished when Dr. Malcolmson brought his fiddle and played the wonderful twirls and runs in between the "tum-tum" of the measured music produced by the big fiddles. Wat adored the fiddle which was just a fiddle. The sweet, high notes made his blood run warm within him. Parson was a daring man at times and he allowed the doctor to disport himself thus on high occasions. He was aware that that way lay Popery, but—well, Parson had been in Italy and had seen a flesh-

and-blood Pope who wasn't a Bogey.

Another thing that interested Wat was the big pew that stood sideways in the chancel, and which was never occupied. It was the ancient seat of the lord of the manor, but the lords of the manor had clung to the old religion at the time of the Reformation and they never came to church. The big pew stood ready for them. They had paid large sums of money rather than occupy it in days not so long gone by.

WAT wished that they might occupy it, just for once in a way, for he would have liked a sustained view of the inmates of the Hall, of whom he had rarely had a glance. Occasionally the present owner of the tumbledown house that went by that name would ride up to the Chequers and get expert advice for his horse from Sam the hostler, whose veterinary knowledge was unequalled. A tall, thin man. Had he not been a friend of Dr. Malcolmson's Wat would have been inclined to regard him as a kind of semi-ghost, if such complexes existed. There was another occupant of the Hall who was entirely of a hearsay character as far as Wat was concerned. A French exiled priest was acting as chaplain to the squire, as people called him, though his manor consisted of the house he lived in and a few meadows round about it.

He would have liked to see this legendary personage. People whispered that he had been a monk. There had once been a monastery at Burbrook. Monks were said to be buried in one of the meadows belonging to the Hall. By the same token, there were also said to be fairies in the coppice which helped to conceal the Hall from the outside world and add to its eeriness. All these things capered about in Wat's mind while he sat in church at sermon-time gazing at the carved oak pew in the chancel.

Wat liked Dr. Malcolmson. He liked holding his brown mare, Kate, when he stopped at the Chequers for a draught of ale. He would gaze with respect at the long, thin fingers which were as deft at making music on the fiddle as at cutting off a man's leg or arm. The doctor liked Wat, too. "What's-your-name," he called him. One day when the latter went round to fetch some medicine for an ailing young Buckram a wonderful thing happened. The doctor's violin was on the table. Wat devoured it with his eyes. "Hallo," Doctor said, "interested in my fiddle?" He took up the instrument and Wat enjoyed the ecstasy of handling it.

Dr. Malcolmson showed him how to hold the violin and draw the bow

across the strings. He showed him how to place his finger-tips on the neck. "You would soon learn how to get music out of a fiddle," the doctor said.

He took the instrument from the boy and started playing a wild melody. "That's a tune to set the fairies dancing," he said. "Don't tell the parson I said that. We don't believe in fairies." His eyes twinkled. "There's magic in a fiddle," he said. "Egad, my boy, I think I'll give you a knowledge of the violin. You have the makings of a village fiddler, or what Parson would call a *virtuoso*."

Wat stood there in ecstasy. "I would love to set the fairies dancing," he said. And, there and then, he had his first lesson.

Many other lessons followed. Wat learned how to draw the bow straight across the strings and place his fingers so as to produce the required notes. He was soon able to play by ear any tune that he could hum or whistle. Moreover, he would produce little melodies of his own; and as his fingers grew nimble he almost came to emulate his teacher in the queer little jigs and fandangoes that he improvised on the doctor's violin which the latter would allow him to take away to practice on. Wat would carry it up into the hay-loft in the evenings and practice to his heart's content, for the hay-loft was his sleeping-place and there was no one within earshot except the horses in the stable and the cow in her shed.

In the dead silence of the night, with the moonlight streaming in the chinks in the wall Wat would make his strange, semi-barbaric music—tunes that suggested themselves and got themselves played by the musician who drew them forth from the sweet-toned violin. They might well have set the rats dancing, or the cats whose sphere of activity was in the barn.

DR. MALCOLMSON proved a good friend to Wat. He gave him employment in carrying bottles of physic to such patients as rose to professional potions in place of the old wife's possets. It brought Wat into constant contact with the doctor's violin which oftentimes went home with him at night and returned with him in the morning. Its owner's warning to take care of the fiddle as he would of a new-born babe was totally unnecessary. "It's a very old instrument," the doctor told Wat. It had once belonged to a famous man who played tunes on it that worked magic on the listeners. Tunes that stirred their souls.

Wat glanced down at the soles of his feet and took it that the doctor

was alluding to the music that could set the fairies dancing. He said something to that effect, and Dr. Malcolmson immensely enjoyed the joke. He greatly longed to play magic music to an audience upon whom it would have that effect.

In these days when Wat went to church on Sundays he pictured himself playing the fiddle as Dr. Malcolmson had done. The music of the big bass and the cello cried out for something on the top. Dr. Malcolmson suffered from gout in the hands and could no longer play the fiddle. It was vaguely known that Wat had learned how to scrape a fiddle, but that he should have scraped it in church along with Gaffer Brown and Tom Croger would never have occurred to anyone.

THEY got Wat to fiddle on the green when there was a mid-summer frolic. Ann Buckram, and quite a number of folk for matter of that, felt that there was something rather uncanny in the way that the strange boy played the fiddle without having learned to do so in the ordinary way. It was understood that someone had given him the old, worm-eaten instrument. People said that it was the doctor. Some said that it was the fairies, and some arrived at the conclusion that it had been the devil—else, why was the boy such a proficient player?

The evening on which Dr. Malcolmson gave Wat a bottle of physic to take round to the Hall heralded a strange adventure. Wat had the fiddle in its bag under his arm. "Go round by the Hall," the doctor said, "and leave this for the squire. He's got a bad megrim and he must have it tonight."

Wat had sometimes been to the Hall on a similar errand, but it had been in the daytime. "You can cut across the meadow and through the coppice," the doctor said; "it will save time. Don't loiter talking to the fairies." Dr. Malcolmson would ever have his little joke.

The fairies? Wat felt the spirit of adventure awakening in his breast. It was a moonlight night. There were said to be dead monks buried in the meadow round about the coppice. Wat preferred live fairies to dead monks. He glanced at the bag under his arm. The Doctor had once said that his tunes were enough to set the fairies dancing. It would be a perfectly glorious thing to set the fairies dancing.

"Are you taking the fiddle?" the doctor said. "Well, don't deliver it to the Squire's man instead of the physic or you'll never get it back. Someone up at the Hall plays the fiddle."

The short cut across the meadow,

after he had cleared the coppice, brought Wat to a point where he could see the ancient house standing out in the moonlight some distance off. From a window high up under a gable a light gleamed—a dim, red light, scarcely perceptible. It looked a strange place. The Squire had lost his wife, and his sons and daughters had married and left home. An old man-servant did most of the work of the house with the aid of his elderly wife.

Wat glanced from side to side as he crossed the meadow. It was said that there were fairies in the coppice. He wondered if there really were, and if they would come out and dance if he struck up a tune. The impulse to do so seized him. Regardless of the doctor's warning not to loiter and talk to the fairies he whipped out his fiddle and there rose on the night air the sound of a frolicsome, fantastic tune such as might well set the fairies footing it on the tips of the blades of long, rank grass, if that is the way that fairies manage it.

But the fairies made no response. On the other hand, there loomed out of the shadows the figure of a man. He was dressed in a long black garment. Wat remembered, with a cold feeling up his spine, that there were supposed to be monks buried in this very meadow. His music ceased abruptly. He laid hold of the fiddle and bow in one hand and the bottle of physic in the other and was about to take to his heels when the apparition addressed him.

IT HAD a nice voice although it spoke with a peculiar accent. The spirit of a long-dead monk would presumably say its words in a different way. "That was a very merry tune," the monk said, "but what makes you to be playing it here?"

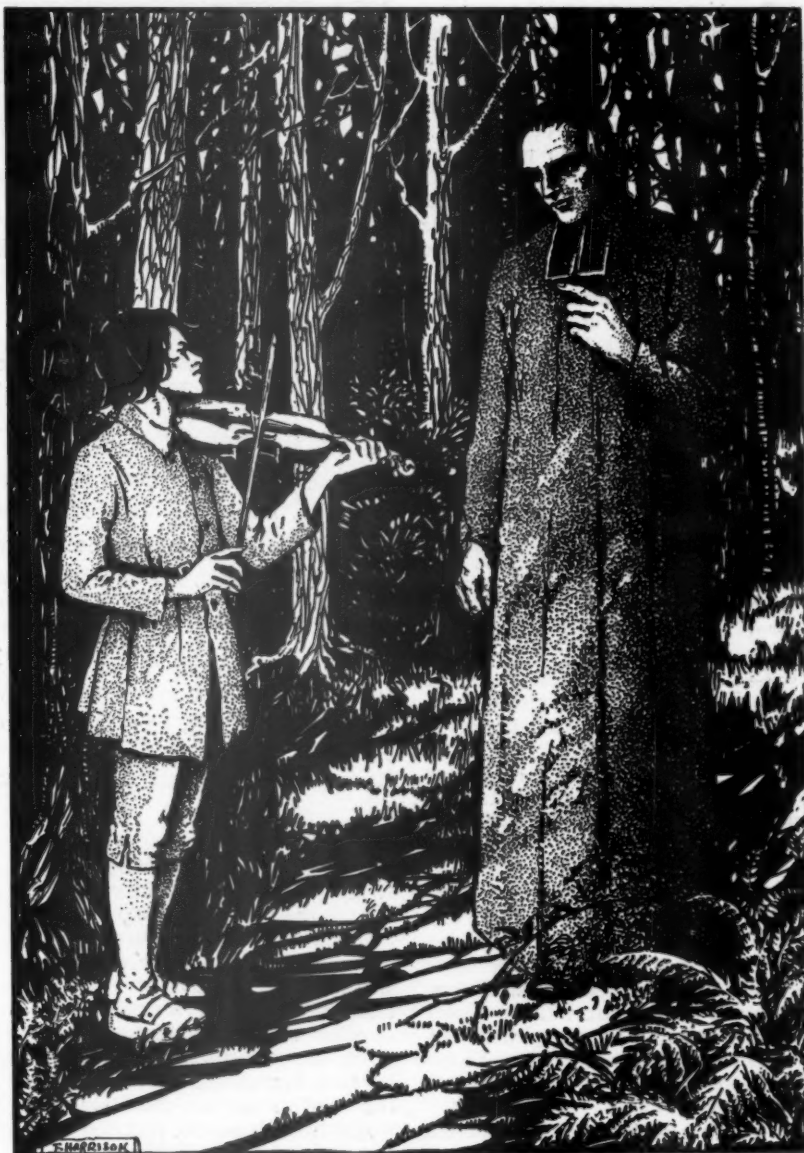
Wat took a good look at his questioner. He had a thin, pale face and black eyes. "I'm seeing if the fairies will come out and dance to it," he said.

"The fairies?" the other echoed. "You would be more likely to have the dead monks coming back to listen to you—that is to say, if you played the right kind of music." He eyed the instrument in the boy's hand, and there came a hungry look into his eye.

"I played the violin once upon a time," he said, "but it was many years ago. I played the kind of tunes that might call a man back from Paradise to listen."

Wat regarded him wonderingly. He held out the violin. "Can you play one now?" he asked.

It was a thrilling moment. To draw dead monks from their graves was an uncanny proposition. He was still not quite sure that he had not done so



"Bravo! You have played every note correctly"

himself in the case of the dark-robed personage who was now taking the fiddle from him. The latter took the violin and tucked it under his chin. He drew a quivering bow across the strings. His handling of it was uncertain, but the note came forth, a thin, pure note. Then he pressed his fingers on the strings and slowly, softly, there came the sound of a melody—tender, sedate, haunting. It set something stirring in the heart of the listener. It set him questing for the thing of which the music was discoursing.

The player lifted his bow from the strings. "You have never heard that before?" he queried.

Wat's answer was peculiar. "What is it saying?" he asked.

The other seemed pleased at the way he put it. It is saying, "*Jesu, dulcis memoria*," he said. And then he chanted in low, very sweet tones a song in an unknown tongue to the melody which he had just played.

Wat listened. He felt warmth in his heart. "What does it mean?" he asked, and the other repeated the words of the hymn which St. Bernard gave to the Faithful, way back in the Middle Ages, to be translated into all the tongues of Christian peoples. "Jesus, the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills my breast."

"But what to those who find? Ah, that Nor tongue nor pen can show The love of Jesus what it is. None but His loved ones know."

The stranger swept the ground round about him with his eye. "If the holy dead could come back they might tell us," he murmured.

"Play it again, please," Wat whispered. "Perhaps they'll come."

The other smiled. He played the melody a second time, and Wat's heart was as strangely ravished as before. The player sang the words softly as he drew the bow across the string. "*Jesu, dulcis memoria.*"

He returned the fiddle to its owner. The holy dead had not come back to divulge their secret, but the meadow seemed to have become a warm and homelike place. Wat had forgotten all about the fairies. He handled the fiddle almost reverently. It had made such wonderful music. He placed it under his chin and felt for the notes that sounded in his soul. "Bravo!" his companion cried. "You have played every note correctly. You will be able to make your violin sing a holy song now."

Wat stood watching him as he walked away. The tall, dark figure seemed to become dissolved in the moonlight. Wat roused himself, remembering his errand. He had indeed loitered, but not with the fairies. The fairies were dull and earthy compared with this which he had encountered. This wonder to which he could not give a name.

There were lights in the windows in the front of the Hall, but they were ordinary lights not like the red one under the gable. A woman took the medicine from him. "I'll give it to Monsieur Gabriel," she said. "He has just come in. You can tell the doctor that he is going to sit up with the Squire tonight so that I may get a bit of sleep."

IT WOULD seem that Ann Buckram was to be justified of her saying that the child would turn out queer as time went on. Wat had certainly taken a queer turn. He still remained apt enough at holding the horses while their riders refreshed themselves; he seemed more attached than ever to the dumb creation, but they never caught him fiddling away as they had done in the old days. They concluded that Wat had grown tired of his accomplishment. On Sundays Wat sat on his bench at the back of the church, under the west tower, and listened to the performances of Gaffer Brown and Tom Croger and thought his own thoughts. He no longer hankered after playing the top notes while they supplied a sonorous foundation. He pictured himself playing, alone and unaccompanied, the melody that carried the words, "*Jesu, dulcis memoria*" up to Heaven, or into the hearts of men.

To Saint Peter

By SISTER M. RAYMUND, R. S. M.

What testimonial did your Master seek
That memorable day in Galilee,
To prove you fit to shepherd that wide fold,
Margined by every sea?

Remembering how your boasted valor fell
At the mere menace of a simple maid,
Did He ask if you could face bonds and death
Unaided, unafraid.

Before He gave you that stupendous charge,
He might have asked how faithful you could be;
But these were not His words; only this test:
"Simon, do you love Me?"

For your Lord knew that just as from the root
The stem with its potential fruitage springs,
So from your heart of love would duly come
All high, courageous things.

How greatly he would have loved to play it there, in the old, gray building that seemed somehow to him to be like a man who has a dim memory of something that he once possessed—which made its ancient stones sad and wistful, like himself. For a strange wistfulness had come into Wat's life ever since that night when he had first heard the song which throbbed its message from his violin, filling his heart with the rich desire to know the Mystery that lay beyond the questing note.

Dr. Malcolmson, whose gout had become complicated by more serious infirmities, called Wat into his room one day. He was in bed, and people said that he would never get up again.

"Wat, my boy," he said, "I'm going to die. My time has come. Fetch along the fiddle—it's your fiddle now—and play something to cheer me up." So Wat fetched the fiddle and tuned up softly as he sat by the bedside. "I have forgotten the tunes I used to play," he said. Then he played, in rich, singing tones, the song which he had learned out in the meadow amongst the dead men, which one strange, living man had taught him.

The patient lay listening. His eyes suffused. "I heard that many years ago in France," he said. "The monks used to sing it." And then he fell to repeating the words in an unknown

tongue which Wat, with his abnormal memory, was able to recognize.

*"Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia."*

"Beyond honey or any other sweetness is the sweetness of His presence." It had been so that the man in the meadow had translated the words in the unknown tongue.

"Who taught you to play that?" he asked Wat, and the latter told him. Some hours later, when Dr. Malcolmson had taken a sudden turn for the worse he whispered to Wat, who was still at his bedside:

"Tell them to send for my friend, M. Gabriel." M. Gabriel was the French priest who was chaplain at the Hall. When he came along in answer to the summons Wat realized as he caught sight of him that it had been no ghostly monk who had taught him the music that had transmitted to his soul the wordless message from the world into which his friend was rapidly passing.

Dr. Malcolmson's death made a change in Wat's life. He reverted to doing odd jobs at the Chequers. Wat had no ambitions. He grew more of a simpleton every day. But he had no enemies. Human beings grew to be as fond of him as were the horses and dogs. "There's no vice in the lad, for

all his strange ways," Ann Buckram said, with a sigh of relief, for Wat's ways were strange. He would rove away with his fiddle and make music to himself under the stars.

One day when the church had been left open for cleaning Mr. Pringle, the beadle, discovered Wat making music on his fiddle in the holy edifice itself! Wat did not attempt to explain his action. How was he to make Mr. Pringle understand that his music was meant for the listening souls of the dead men in the vault below—they had buried the doctor down there—and the listening walls of the holy place that seemed to hold a memory.

MR. PRINGLE had a short way with Wat. He took him out and set him in the stocks at the corner of the churchyard, fiddle and all. There Parson Davis found him when he returned some hours later from a ride with the hounds. Parson was a kindly man. He released Wat and took him into the Parsonage and ordered food for him. Wat's adventure did not appear to have depressed him, at least not until Parson suddenly took notice of the violin.

"Hullo," he said. "Is that Dr. Malcolmson's violin?"

"He gave it to me," Wat answered, apprehensively.

"That's right," the other replied. "He told me he intended to do so. But I've just heard this very afternoon from the Squire that it's a valuable old instrument, worth pots of money. You must let us sell it for you."

A look of terror came into Wat's face. "But I don't want to sell it," he cried.

"But, my good fellow, it will fetch hundreds of pounds in an auction room in London."

Wat hugged his fiddle tightly. "I don't want hundreds of pounds," he said. "I want my fiddle."

"But you can buy another for a pound or two to serve your purpose." Wat shook his head. "No other fiddle would make music like this," he said.

"That's stuff and nonsense," his mentor retorted. "We will have to see to it for you. Can't you see that you have come in for a fortune? You had best leave the violin with me."

By way of answer Wat thrust the fiddle into its bag. "I'd best be getting home," he murmured. "There's the horses to feed."

Wat kissed the forehead of each horse after he had fed it that evening. He also bent down and kissed the shaggy head of Bess, the watchdog—and next day Wat was missing.

People said that it was the shame of having been set in the stocks that had sent Wat off. They blamed the

beadle for the doing of it. Others said that he had discovered that the violin that Dr. Malcolmson had given him was worth a mint of money and he had taken fright lest some one should steal it from him. "He'll come back right enough," they said. But all the same, they missed him, for all that it was some time since he had played the jigs that they danced to on the village green. There had been something wonderfully lovable about Wat, all said and done.

But the weeks and months went on and Wat did not reappear.

Parson went up to the Hall and told the Squire and his friend M. Gabriel of the fate of Dr. Malcolmson's violin. It had vanished along with its new owner. Parson had established a friendly footing with the "recusants" at the Hall. He took no cognizance of the room upstairs under the gable where the red light burned. It was none of his business, provided that the French priest did not go about making Papists of his parishioners—that was an indictable offense.

"I remember the lad," M. Gabriel said. "I met him with his fiddle once upon a time and I taught him to play an old melody that took his fancy. I would like to have seen more of him."

"No one knows who his parents were," Parson Davis said. "I should not be surprised if he were a Latin, one of your people, Monsieur."

The villagers were right. Wat had wandered forth with the sole purpose of putting a safe distance between himself and the well-wishers who were determined to turn his fiddle into money for his benefit. He was safe enough in the vagrant life that he had chosen. No one suspected the old worm-eaten fiddle of being valuable. He got jobs from the farmers to scare off the crows, and sometimes he would play a tune by the wayside, a soft, strange tune of his own composing, and the passer-by would throw him a copper. A very ragged fellow was Wat in these days, and generally a very hungry one. But he was not unhappy. Then, at length, the homing instinct overtook him.

WAT's wanderings took a circular turn, and one night he found himself on the road leading to Burbrook. It led past the Hall.

It was in the lonely road near the meadow where the fairies shared tenure with the dead monks that the thing happened. A drunken sailor reeling on his way met Wat, and catching sight of the fiddle in his hand—for Wat had been playing to himself on the wayside—demanded a tune from the other. Wat complied. He played one of his gentle little melodies, and the sailor swore many

oaths. He demanded quite gruffly a lively ditty, giving a name to a well-known one.

"I could play it for you," Wat replied, "but not on this fiddle."

"What's the matter with the fiddle?" the other asked. "I heard you playing it just now."

"It doesn't play that kind of tune," Wat replied. "It makes music of its own." "Play!" the other shouted. But Wat shook his head. "I can't," he said very quietly.

The other's answer was to seize the fiddle from its owner. He threw it on the ground and placed his foot on it. Then, being pleased with his own prowess, he also threw Wat to the ground and kicked him as many times as he thought fit.

WAT came to himself hours after. He felt for the violin. It lay at his side. He struggled to his feet and crept through a gap in the hedge into the meadow beyond. He knew that it was the Hall yonder for a red light gleamed under the gable. He lay down on the grass. His head was dizzy. The red light was before his closed eyes like a great glory. There was music in his ears. It was saying what men can't say with their tongues or write with their pens. He listened. Then he sat up and stretched out his hand for the violin. The bow was still there intact. Tremblingly, uncertainly, he drew it across the strings, but the sound that came from it was strange and muffled. The notes were no longer the tones of a violin for the instrument was crushed and splint-ered.

But there was a great ecstasy in the soul of Wat for he was hearing music that no violin could reproduce. It was telling him the Secret which is in the knowledge of those who are called the saints.

They found him lying there next morning and carried him into the Hall. There was still breath in his body and M. Gabriel gave him conditional baptism and conditional absolution, and himself closed Wat's eyes in their last sleep.

Such is the story of Wat. He left no memorial behind him. Up in the north of England there is a thriving Catholic Mission which traces its origin to a zealous French emigré priest who was known as Father Gabriel; and in the church at Burbrook there is a marble slab on the wall recording the virtues and medical qualifications of Dr. James Malcolmson; but it is only on All Saints Day that, unwittingly, a commemoration is made of one who, if indeed the souls of the Blessed are even as the angels, must surely be sounding his note of praise on the violin rather than the harp.

BOOKS

The Coloured Lands

by G. K. CHESTERTON

The uproarious satire of Chesterton's drawings, apart from the essays in fantasy which accompany them, is worth the price of this latest publication of what seems to be an inexhaustible Chestertoniana. G. K.'s cartoons make those of our newspaper artists look childish, but I suppose Chesterton in his paradoxical way would have claimed that his own, if not childish, were childlike. For it is characteristic of a child to see things clearly and directly, and that was God's special gift to Chesterton. His way of looking at the world and people was marked by simplicity, while that of many adults must be described by the harsh word duplicity.

Reading Chesterton is like suddenly getting a breath of fresh air and I think that one of the chief advantages of this book is that it will again demonstrate how fresh are even the first things he wrote. While some of the writings in *The Coloured Lands* were done in this decade, others are from as far back as his days at school. It is obviously a case of his publishers determining that nothing that he wrote shall perish.

The title of the book will probably lead many Americans to believe that it is a book dealing in some way or other with missionary life. It can best be described as a book of fantasy, treating of dreams (many of which are day-dreams), nightmares and matters in that category. But it is always fantasy associated with reality.

Besides the drawings and the essays, there are some fine satirical poems. Many of the drawings are in colors. The book itself is an excellent piece of typography.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00.

The Great Heresies

by HILAIRE BELLOC

The seven chapters of this volume first appeared in *THE SIGN* as a series of articles running from August 1935 to July 1937.

The book deals with the main attacks on the Catholic Church which have marked her history. Beginning

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We call the attention of our readers to a recent change in postal regulations in regard to the mailing of books. As formerly noted in these columns, any book noticed here or any other book you wish may be bought through *THE SIGN*. Instead of 10% of the cost of a book for postage, we ask our readers to add only 5¢ for postage for any book.

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with a definition of heresy as being, in general, the dislocation of some complete and self-supporting scheme by the introduction of a novel denial of some essential part of it, and, in particular, the marring by such exception of that complete scheme, the Christian religion, Mr. Belloc proceeds to explain what were the chief heresies that occurred in the history of the Church and why they are of historical importance.

Five main heresies, or attacks on the Christian scheme, are selected because they exemplify the main forms of the very great number of attempts to bring down the edifice of the Church. The five are: 1) the Arian heresy, 2) Mohammedanism, 3) Albigensianism, 4) Protestantism and 5) the "Modern" attack. Attention concentrated on these teaches us the character of the Church and

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the fact that men cannot escape sympathy with or hatred of it, and these five sum up all the directions from which assault can be delivered on the Faith.

The first of the heresies was the Arian attack, proposing such a change of fundamental doctrine that it would have involved a transformation of the very nature of the Christian religion. It was a rationalistic movement springing from an attempt to visualize clearly and simply a doctrine that was in itself incomprehensible. The Mohammedan attack on the Church differed from most heresies in that it did not arise within the bounds of the Church, but it was, nevertheless, a heresy because its doctrine was, mostly, Christian doctrine oversimplified.

The Albigensian attack was the chief of a great number of heresies, all of which drew their strength from the Manichean doctrine of a duality in the universe. It was an attack on morals rather than on doctrine. The simplicity of the heresy with its dual system of good and evil, its denial of the Incarnation and the main Christian mysteries, its anti-Sacramentalism, its denunciation of clerical wealth and its local patriotism made an appeal to the masses and the smaller nobles.

The Protestant attack differed from the others chiefly because of its denial of unity, or its direct attack on the established authority of the Church. It was a general movement that resulted in the setting up, not so much of a separate religion, but of a moral atmosphere. Its chief effect—the destruction of the unity of Christian society—remains. The more immediate effect, the new Protestant culture, has begun to decay from within.

The contemporary attack on the Church, which as yet has no name, but which Mr. Belloc calls the Modern Attack, rests on the distinction between things positively proved by experiment and things accepted as true for other reasons. It is an assault on the foundations of the Faith and has so far progressed that it has already produced social, intellectual and moral forms that give it the appearance of a religion, although it is essentially atheistic and

materialist. Because it is so widespread, so fundamental, it is the most serious, perhaps, of all the attacks on the Church. What will be the result of this modern heresy is one of the most momentous questions yet presented to men and on the answer to it the whole future of our race will turn.

The book is an ideal summary of its subject matter and because of the constant reference of historical events to present conditions cannot fail to be stimulating and thought-provoking to the careful reader.

Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.50.

From Union Square To Rome

by DOROTHY DAY

When one considers the diametrically opposed philosophies symbolized by the two places, Union Square and Rome, one cannot help but read with expectation the story of Dorothy Day's life, entitled *From Union Square To Rome*. In this autobiography Dorothy Day has given a sincere and poignant account of the struggle that went on within her in her search for truth. The story of her conversion from Communism to Catholicism is one which has in it many lessons for the apathetic Christian, of whom there are so many in the world today.

As a child Dorothy Day's religious training was very accidental, yet all of her life she was conscious of a Supreme Being Who pursued her until she finally succumbed to His superior strength. She was always concerned with social problems and her mind was a fertile one for the seeds of Communism which were sown there during her college days. Communism, however, had a false ring to it which she perceived. She was attracted to the Catholic Church and found there the truth for which she had been searching.

The striking thing about her life is that she was always concerned with helping her fellowmen. Even though she tried to renounce God she was still living by the principles taught by Christ. One cannot help but feel deeply the plea which she makes to all of us to slough off our middle class or capitalistic smugness and realize and try to amend "man's inhumanity to man."

As a literary work Dorothy Day's accomplishment is unique. Unlike most autobiographies the stress here is not on events and environments but rather on Dorothy Day's mind and emotions. One feels the struggle and the cost to the author in revealing to the public all of her innermost thoughts and emotions, and that

adds much to the poignancy and drama of the book.

This is a vital book for Catholics as well as non-Catholics. Everyone can learn much from it, but it carries a special message to those who feel that Communism is the solution to the social problems of the world.

Preservation of the Faith Press, Silver Spring, Md. \$1.50.

The Science of World Revolution

by ARNOLD LUNN

Arnold Lunn has much to teach most of us. And he is a good teacher. He checks his facts and documents his exposition of theories. He has not only good sense but also a good sense of humor. He loves a hard, cleanly fought argument, and at the same time, he is aware of the inadequacy and even, occasionally, the futility of mere argument. He knows the case against Communism, and he presents it brilliantly. But he also knows that "only social justice can cure the malady of which agitation and revolution are the symptoms," and that while "it is a duty to argue with bourgeois Leftists, it is useless to argue with hungry and embittered men full of resentment against the social order from which they have nothing to hope."

The title of this book is apt enough, though perhaps a trifle pompous. It undertakes to analyze and set forth the common pattern of social revolution. It explicitly excludes, therefore, from its probings, national uprisings like the American Revolution and the Irish War of Independence. Implicitly it also excludes, for example, the pacific revolution in India, inspired by Mahatma Gandhi, and, *a fortiori*, the epochal social revolution of Christ and Christian love.

Five social revolutions are the specimens examined in Mr. Lunn's laboratory, namely, the French Revolution of the 18th century, the French Revolution of 1848, the French Commune of 1871, the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia and the Spanish Revolution of 1931 and 1936, together with the tragic Civil War which is now so cruelly dividing that sorely afflicted country. The results of these examinations, Mr. Lunn believes, may be called "scientific" because quite independently of the accidents of time and space, the essence of revolution may be discovered in all the great revolutions. In his own words, "whether the scene be Paris, Petrograd or Madrid, whether the century be the eighteenth or twentieth, the rhythm of insurrection is much the same."

That is the thesis. It may not be

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definitely established. To this reviewer, at least, it seems somewhat to deny the irreducible variety and unpredictability of free human behavior. But for all of that, the merit of the book is considerable. Left-wing intellectuals, duped by propaganda or bought by propagandists' pocket-books, may learn if they read this book (probably they won't) that the revolution for which they prepare and which they confidently predict, is more likely to "purge" or to liquidate them, than to reward them. Complacent devotees of the "it can't happen here" school of thought, or rather, thoughtlessness, may be awakened from their silly lethargy. Students of pink or red professors may find liberal supplies of effective antidote against the poisons distributed in their lecture-halls and classrooms. All who need to be forewarned and forearmed against the quite possibly disastrous eventualities of the present moral, economic and political chaos will discover an arsenal of intellectual rearmament against Socialism.

Sheed and Ward, New York. \$3.00.

The Education of an American

by MARK SULLIVAN

It is a truism to say of an autobiography that it is personal, but nevertheless that must be said of Mark Sullivan's *The Education of an American*. It is not the Life and Times of Mark Sullivan; it is the Life only—and that for the most part in his early, formative years on a small Pennsylvania farm. Half the book is devoted to a description of that early farm life, and although it is beautified somewhat when seen through the mists of memory it forms a characteristic picture of America in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Mark Sullivan's parents were both immigrants from Ireland in the 1840's. They settled on a small farm in Pennsylvania. So attached did Mark's father become to the soil which he and his sons had won from nature and cultivated in the sweat of their brows that he warned them: "Never sell this farm; no matter what happens to you in the cities, this will be a shelter to you." They followed their father's advice. Mark Sullivan wrote this book in the room in which he was born.

After four years at Normal School Mark Sullivan became editor and half-owner of a country paper and thus earned enough to pay his way through Harvard. Later he studied law, but his natural bent prevailed and he took up journalism. He writes

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an interesting and detailed account of his days as a crusading journalist and later of his work for *Collier's*, of which magazine he became editor. There is very little concerning the later period of his life when he wrote political comment for the *New York Evening Post* and for the *Tribune*—later the *Herald Tribune*.

Mark Sullivan's book is truly the story of *The Education of an American*. It is the story of the rise of the son of immigrant parents to a position of greatness and influence in an America rooted in the soil, still strong with the strength of youth, still devoted to principles of liberalism and democracy—an America upon which we hope we shall never look back as a thing of the past.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.50.

The New Testament Vol. 1—The Synoptic Gospels

This volume is the first of a four-volume translation of the New Testament from the original Greek, in what is known as the Westminster Version. The translation is entirely the work of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Dean, D.D., Ph.D., President and late Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Joseph's College, Upholland, England.

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under the inspiration of God; secondly, to print that version in a form more worthy of the supreme dignity of the original, and, thirdly, to edit it with all the apparatus needed to make it easily intelligible." The work was begun in 1913 and finished in 1935, with the publication of the last of its eleven sections. Each of the Synoptic Gospels has already been published in fascicle form. They are here published in one volume, bound in cloth, in a second, revised edition.

Each Gospel is preceded by a summary which provides authoritative information regarding its history, author, composition, and other points of interest. Two appendices by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J., which treat of the Chronology and Harmony of the Life of Christ, and the Synoptic Problem, are added. The text is divided according to the sense; particular incidents are indicated by indented titles in heavier type; the verse numbers are in the margin, instead of in the text, as happens in most current English versions of the Vulgate. These things are distinct improvements. The paper is of good quality and the type is clear. Notes in explanation

of the text are generally adequate, though one could wish that they were fuller in some instances, as in the Parable of the Unjust Steward, which gives occasion of much misunderstanding among the faithful. All told the present volume is an achievement for which the translator and the publisher are worthy of commendation. The price is quite high, but does not appear excessive when all the difficulties connected with this venture are duly considered.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$4.50.

Behind the Ballots

by JAMES A. FARLEY

The suave, personable Mr. James A. Farley, the convincing hand-shaker, the indefatigable correspondent, he of the green ink signatures, gives a personal history of himself the while he lights up some of the intimacies of his career as political strategist. He describes his spectacular but not too prominent career in which he has second fiddled many Democratic celebrities. With genuine authenticity he depicts himself as "Behind the Ballots" where he master-minded amazing victory in two National Conventions and elections and lesser triumphs in New York, the State of his birth.

If *Behind the Ballots* reveals no other loyalties, it flaunts a loyalty to the Democratic Party. There are those who would say with sanity and objectivity that such loyalty can be perverse and irrational. It reveals a loyalty, as well, to the interests, enthusiasms, the plans of his pet achievement, his President, the while there are slight indications of simmerings of resentment for opposing personalities who were dynamic and who could oppose, critically. Sometimes such a personal loyalty can be dim-seeing in the matter of faults and blunderings. Resentment can magnify and be merciless with lesser and perhaps more personal and hence less critical defects.

The Postmaster General's autobiography is, however, interesting. current political history. It reviews much though it adds many slivers of backstage gossip, the bickerings of dispute, the jockeyings for preferment, the many compromises and the not too dignified and glamorous scenes and settings of the political wars.

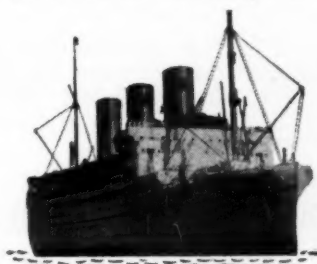
Behind the Ballots is worthwhile reading though it will add few ideas to the mental equipment of the alert, mature and literate. Lacking depth it might imply the moral philosophy that success is the measure of greatness while failure in the political

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world qualifies for the label, idiot. Definitely dated in value, *Behind the Ballots* has nonetheless value as current history written by one of its pivotal figures.

Harcourt, Brace, New York. \$3.00.

The Catholic's Question Box

by WINFRED HERBST, S. D. S.

In order to provide the growing appetite of the faithful with information on their religion—an appetite which indicates an aroused consciousness among Catholics of their need of instruction—Father Herbst adds another book to the already large number of which he is author. He says, "it is not intended to replace, but in its modest way to complement" the other Question Boxes already in existence.

The book is characterized by two things—the personal tone of the style and the lengths to which the author goes to make himself clear. The personal tone may be due to the large number of questions which are about private difficulties and problems, most of which have already been answered in *The Saviour's Call*, of which Father Herbst is editor. Unfortunately, there is a great deal of

what seems to be mere repetition, especially in Chapter V, which concerns problems of courtship. This may be due to hasty editing.

Salvatorian Pub. Co., St. Nazians, Wis. \$1.50.

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There are other fine features of the book. Each chapter is complete in itself, with its own instruction. Hence the book can be read, a few pages at a time, without losing the sequence of ideas, an ideal arrangement for those whose time for spiritual reading is limited. At the head of each chapter is an appropriate quotation chosen from the writings of the Saints and Spiritual Masters.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y. \$2.00.

The Canon Law Governing Communities of Sisters

by REV. FR. FINTAN, O.S.B.

Some explanations of the Code of Canon Law and its authentic decisions concerning religious women have been written, but this work of Father Fintan's seems the best suited for the use of these women. The matter is arranged in question and answer form. Taken as a whole, this manual should benefit very much religious women using it as it should make superiors and subjects conscious of the law and its benefits. Nevertheless, a caution should have been placed in some place close to its beginning, viz., in all practical problems, at least those of importance, let the person concerned contact directly or indirectly a trained canonist. Who will say that similar manuals on the civil law for the untrained legal mind are used as the sole guidance for corporations and individuals in legal problems? For the same reason, no manual such as this should be used by superiors or subjects in matters of importance as the sole guide; the assistance of someone trained in the law and its interpretation should be sought.

It is desired that the comments made concerning this manual be commendatory on the whole. It will undoubtedly be helpful to the religious women for whom it is intended primarily. It may be somewhat helpful for priests.

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due to the fact that the way some of the questions are answered most women readers will not distinguish between what is the opinion of Father Fintan or the few commentators that he used in the compilation of this work and what is actually canon law as such. True enough, there is indicated re-enforcement to what is said by appealing to a canon or post-code legislation or interpretation or commentaries. Despite the excellent references given at the end of the answers, confusion will probably occur.

If the author had consulted more specialized works on canon law he would have drafted some of his replies quite differently, and the work might be a little more worthy to be used by priests who guide religious women. Some of his replies concerning the disposition of property by novices are rather crudely handled, though the author tried to be practical. A deeper study of acceptable doctrine on the reception of gifts would probably have rendered replies more in accordance with the spirit which the author manifested in other parts of his book. Other criticisms could be cited, but sufficient have been given as warning that the reliability of the manual is not total and that caution should be used.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$3.00.

SHORTER NOTES

SPAIN OF THE SPANIARDS (Sheed & Ward, New York, \$2.00) presents the impressions obtained by **BERNARD WALL**, an English Catholic journalist, from his visit to Nationalist Spain a few months ago. Mr. Wall acquaints his readers with the manners and customs of the Spaniards, which are so little known outside Spain, the psychology of the citizens of White Spain in regard to the war, and the social ideas of the groups there. The price, however, appears too high for a slender book of only 107 pages.

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB, by **NESTA DE ROBECK**, (Burns & Oates, London, \$3.25) traces the devotion of Christians to the crib of Bethlehem from the early ages of the Church to the present. She tells us that the book "is the outcome of love and curiosity." It is not only a revelation of her devotion to the crib, but also of much study and critical examination. The imposing bibliography appended is a witness of this. Thirty-seven

plates of cribs of various nations add much interest to a valuable study. It may come as a mild shock to some that St. Francis of Assisi did not invent the devotion to the crib of Bethlehem. He revived an ancient cult and gave it a characteristic touch.

A HIDDEN SPOUSE OF OUR LORD, by **SISTER M. HERMENEGILDIS VISARIUS**, (Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.50.)

There is a world of saintly souls in the Church. Its inhabitants are seldom recognized, nor are they made known by the honor of canonization. This hidden world may be called the diamond mine of the Church, from whose pits a stone of marvelous brilliance is taken from time to time to increase our faith, to reveal the superabundant action of grace, and to console us. Such is the soul of Sister Blandine Merten, who died in the Ursuline Convent of Treves on May 18th, 1918.

Those who are interested in the Little Flower will certainly welcome the story of one who followed her so closely—hidden and almost unperceived in the convent.

STRENGTH THROUGH PRAYER, by **SISTER HELEN MADELINE, S.N.D. DE NAMUR**, (Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.25) is an important little volume of 108 pages, neatly bound in green cloth, red edges. It gives the mind a vision of the grandest Hero that ever lived. It takes for granted the fact that the reader loves to meditate, and gives him precious things to meditate upon. It tactfully and compellingly says "Come, dream of this! Think happily of that!" When you have grown weary with the bleat of the radio, or of human company, or tired of human talk, and wonder what God would say to a soul that welcomed Him and invited Him to speak—then, and on many other occasions, read *Strength Through Prayer*.

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Archconfraternity

of the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ

Personal Love For Our Lord

THE beauty and attractiveness of Jesus are everywhere proclaimed in the Gospels. As an Infant in the crib the shepherds worshipped Him. They were convinced of the angels' message. The Magi came seeking a king in a palace—they found a Child in a stable; yet, falling down, they adored Him and offered Him royal gifts. Simeon was rapt into ecstasy and was ready to depart this life because his eyes had seen the Salvation of God. Thirty years later when John the Baptist saw Jesus coming to him he recognized Him instantly and exclaimed: "Behold the Lamb of God." In the Synagogue He completely absorbed the attention of His audience. There was no one in Palestine at that time who stood so high in the estimation of the people, for they saw in His eyes a light they had never seen before; heard in His voice a music they had never heard before; felt in His touch a caress they had never felt before; and when they saw wonder after wonder fall from His fingers like jewels of omnipotence, they began to suspect that He was more than human, and they followed Him in crowds.

But it is principally in His Sacred Passion that Jesus exercises the greatest influence over the minds and hearts of men of all times. The Prophet Isaiah who described the shame and the sufferings of Jesus so vividly, also cries out in admiration: "Who is this that cometh . . . with dyed garments . . . this beautiful one in his robe?"—Chapter 63-1.

Now that which charms us in Our Lord is His beauty. His goodness, His love. But we cannot love Him if we do not know that He is lovable, and do not think on this truth. For this purpose, the Rule of Life for the members of the Archconfraternity recommends meditative reading on the Life and Passion of Our Lord, loving conversation with Him in mental prayer, and the frequent and worthy reception of the Sacraments.

Let each member, therefore, take these few words to heart. I know that it is practically impossible for many of you to be present for the instructions and meditations in the different Passionist churches, but you can and should strive earnestly to grow in the knowledge of, and personal love for Our Lord. This is the purpose of the Society.

FATHER RAYMUND, C.P.

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY,
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Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Masses Said.....	19
Masses Heard.....	11,614
Holy Communions.....	6,964
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	25,772
Spiritual Communions.....	21,836
Benediction Services.....	14,466
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	15,478
Stations of the Cross.....	7,444
Visits to the Crucifix.....	7,883
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	12,044
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	25,709
Visits to Our Lady.....	6,382
Rosaries.....	5,496
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	26,563
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	122,601
Hours of Study, Reading.....	9,205
Hours of Labor.....	16,907
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	22,303
Acts of Zeal.....	20,340
Prayers, Devotions.....	86,162
Hours of Silence.....	13,309
Various Works.....	20,753
Holy Hours.....	400

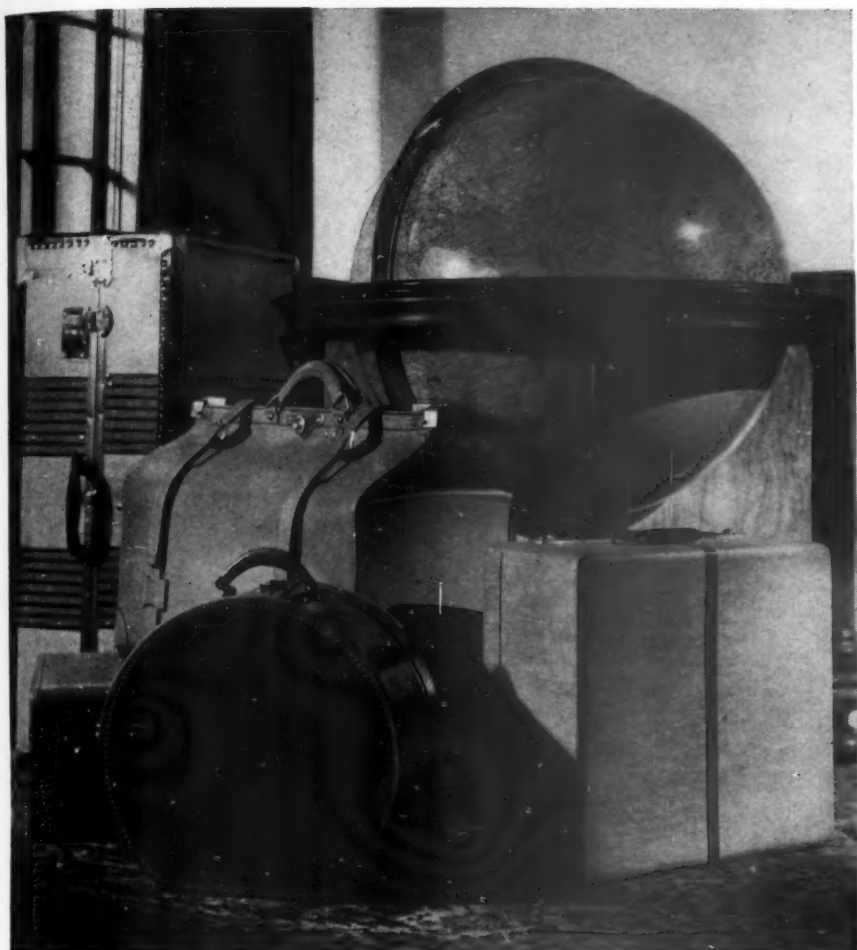
Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



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